



The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD



KING GEORGE MEETS KING ALBERT AND REVIEWS BELGIAN SOLDIERS.

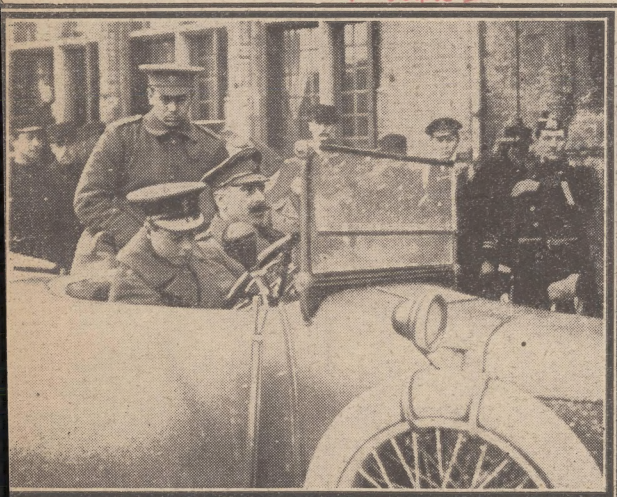
P. 8600 K



King George reviewing Belgian troops. Standing beside him is King Albert. Behind are the Prince of Wales and Sir Pertab Singh, the veteran Indian prince.

P. 8642 F

P. 8600 K



The Prince of Wales and Prince Alexander of Teck about to depart.

King George's historic visit to his soldiers is at an end, and his Majesty is back in London. Regardless of all personal danger, he visited trenches while shells were bursting but a little distance away. "That is all the more reason I should go among my



The two monarchs about to enter a motor-car after the review.

soldiers. There is no reason why I should not take risks. They take them," he said when told it might not be safe. He paid a special honour to the brave Belgians by reviewing a number of King Albert's soldiers.

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SECOND-HAND FURNITURE EQUAL TO NEW.

£20,000 of genuine high-class Second-hand Furniture, Carpets, Bedsteads, Bedding, and Entire Effects of the Hotel removed for convenience of sale by order of the liquidators.

NO REASONABLE OFFER WILL BE REFUSED FOR CASH ONLY.

Full particulars, with Photo Illustrated Catalogue, sent free on application. Goods stored in till required or delivered packed and forwarded to any part of the world.

THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.

CONTENTS OF 142 ROOMS.
Solid oak bedroom suites, comprising bevelled-edge glass door wardrobe, dressing chest, with drawers down front and large bevelled-edge mirror over the chest, and large washstand with china set tiles in back, fitted with large cupboards under and towel rails at sides, and cane seat chairs to match. The suites complete offered at £3 17s. 6d. Solid oak bedsteads, fitted with spring mattresses at 15s. complete. Large chests of drawers at 17s. 6d. China toilet sets, 2s. Elegant design art bedroom carpets, 10s. 6d. Upholstered lounge easy chairs, 12s. 6d. Staining seat upholstered box ottomans, 14s. 6d. Solid oak overmantels of unique design, 15s. Elegant Adams design mirrors, 9s. 6d.

THE DRAWING-ROOMS, RECEPTION AND DINING-ROOMS.
comprising a splendid collection of modern and antique furniture, including a beautiful set of handsomely-carved black oak furniture, including glass-back sideboard with long canopy top with deep cupboards under and roomy drawers, £25 15s. Six elegantly-carved small chairs, stained red leather, with two magnificently-carved easy chairs to match, the set £20 17s. 6d. Splendidly-carved extending dining table, £27 10s. 6d. Magnificent overmantel, carved to match sideboard, 55s. 6d. high, 4ft. 6in. wide, £22 17s. 6d. For this entire set, which is the complete furnishing of a magnificent drawing-room, £110 10s. will be accepted, or can be separated. Magnificent Turkey Axminster carpet, equal to new, £3 6s. Elegant full compass piano, perfect touch and tone, by most eminent London makers, 14 guineas, as new. A fine tone piano, in perfect condition, £6 15s. Luxurious oak cane chairs of cutlery, containing silver, by Mappin and Webb, complete, 40 pieces, 4 guineas. Complete set of dining and morning-room furniture, comprising solid fumed oak sideboard, fitted with cupboards and drawers with bevelled edge plate-glass back, £3 10s. Handsome overmantel to match sideboard, 25s.; six small chairs and two armchairs to match solid oak frames with red leather upholstered seats, £3 17s. 6d. And solid oak extending dining table, 30s. 6d.; or will accept for the entire room 10 guineas.

DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.
Comprising a quantity of solid upholstered Chesterfield sofas, ranging from 37s. 6d. and lounge easy chairs to match from 25s. A magnificent set, of Chippendale design, comprising seven-piece suite, including settee, two easy chairs and four small stools, covered with choice silk tapestry, £35 15s. 6d. Splendid large cabinet, discoloured glass back, £2 10s. 6d. Large settee, with oval bevelled glass backs, 27s. 6d. and centre occasional table, 17s. 6d. Elegant set of three chairs, with oval bevelled glass backs, 10s. 6d. each. Several hundreds of carpets, quite as new. Quantity of dinner and tea services, electro and Sheffield plate, and many thousands of other items too numerous to mention in advertisement.

Send a postcard for Catalogue, post free.
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Hours: 9 till 5. Thursday close at 1.
Motor-Buses Nos. 4, 19, 30, 43, 43A, pass the door from all parts of London.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS. At 8.15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. ODDS AND ENDS. Every night. Thurs. and Sat. 5.30. Preceded by LINGENDE AND OT. K.E.

APOLLO. Evenings 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. 2.30. CHARLES HAWTREY IN A MESS'GE FROM MARY.

COMEDY. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sat. 2.30. MISS LAURENCE AND THE PRINCE OF MY HEA.

DALY'S, Leicester-square. Evenings, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat. at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS IN A PRODUCTION, A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Every Evening (except Wednesday), at 8.15. CHARLES FRODMAN presents "THE LITTLE MINSTREL," by J. M. Barrie. Matinee, Every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, at 2.30.

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GLOBE. At 8. ODD AND ENDS. Mats. Thurs. Sat. at 2.30. HAYMARKET. At 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT.

ALLAN AINSWORTH, ELIAS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TREBLE. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat. Prices, 1s. 7d. 6d. HIS MAJESTY. HERBERT TREE. VIOLA TREE.

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GEORGE ALEXANDER and IRVING VANDERBILT. SCALA. KIRKWOOD. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF THE O.P.E.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. OUR BOYS. Evenings, at 8.15. Mats. Weds. Sat. at 2.30. Preceded at 8.15 and 2.30 by "A Mat. of Ideas."

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UNITY. YORK. EVENING, SILVER. HARRY TATE. MORRIS HARVEY. 6s. 1s. 7d. 6d. 5s.

PARADE. CARLY DESAYS IN THE PASSING SHOW (New Version of THE RAJA'S RUBY) WAR PICTURES. PASSING SHOW. 8.35. VARIETIES, 2.30.

MATS. WED. and SAT. at 2.30. PALLADIUM, 6.10 and 9. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. 6.10 and 9. Ernest C. Rolle's Revue, "TILL I MEET ALBERT CHEVALIER, ELLA RETFORD, BILLY MEISON, JOE ELVIN and Co."

MASKING AND DEVA'S MYSTERIES. St. George's Hall, Oxford Circus, W. Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. Seats, 1s. 6d. BATTLE SHOW, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON. THIS DAY (Monday), at 2 p.m., close at 8 p.m. Admission, 5s. To-morrow, Wednesday, day and Friday, Dec. 9, 10, 11. Open at 9 a.m. Close at 9 p.m. Admission each day, 1s.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

O.L.M.S.
REQUIRED FOR WORK IN THE ROYAL NAVAL TORPEDO FACTORY, GREENOCK.

TURNERS for light, accurate work; must be used to screw cutting.

48-hour week; 80 per cent. are on overtime and on piecework. Average earnings of all turners are now £5 10s. 0d. per week.

MACHINISTS for milling, also CAPTAIN LATHE. 48-hour week; 80 per cent. are on overtime and 60 per cent. on piecework. Average earnings are now over 55s. per week.

Work for at least one year to men of satisfactory conduct and abilities.

Applications, stating age and particulars of experience, to Chief Foreman at the Factory.

GENUINE FREE GIFT

OF A

MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING

TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER.

The very charming and exquisite Engraving of "Ruth and Naomi" from the Original Painting by P. H. CALDERON, ROYAL ACADEMICIAN, NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, will be presented absolutely free to every reader of this paper making application by means of the Coupon and below. Each Engraving is produced direct from the Engraved Plate on fine quality Plate Paper measuring 22 by 16 inches.

The Royal Academician has depicted a most touching scene of deep, warm, tender affection in Ruth clinging to Naomi and uttering the heartfelt cry, as recorded in the Book of Ruth: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

In this ennobling picture we secure a representation of true affection—full of pathos—and read in the light of the Bible story, the engraving will commend itself to every lover of High Art.



RUTH AND NAOMI. By P. H. Calderon, Royal Academician.

This unique and generous gift of a FREE ENGRAVING is presented for the purpose of making the exceedingly high-class character of our pictures better known, and to introduce our Illustrated Art List to the readers of this paper. The reader has simply to fill up the Coupon below and forward it to M. COLBAN-EWART, Secretary, THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION, 251, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W., with a registration fee of 6d. by Postal Order (or stamps 7d.) to defray the cost of case, packing, and carriage per parcel post, on receipt of which the Engraving will be carefully packed and dispatched, FREE OF ALL CHARGE.

PRESENTATION COUPON.

DAILY MIRROR, 7/11/14.

Entitling the Reader to ONE FREE Engraving of "Ruth and Naomi," by P. H. Calderon, Royal Academician.

To M. COLBAN-EWART, SECRETARY, THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION, 251, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.

Sir,—Please forward me one FREE ENGRAVING of "RUTH AND NAOMI" by P. H. Calderon, Royal Academician, together with your ILLUSTRATED LIST OF ART PRODUCTIONS. Enclosed is the nominal fee of 6d. by Postal Order (or stamps 7d.) to cover registration and cost of case, packing, and carriage to my address.

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A MOST ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"

This magnificent reproduction, depicting the Charge of the Scots Greys from the original painting by LADY BUTLER, the engraved surface measuring 26 by 14 inches, on Fine Plate Paper, 32 by 20 inches, published in a larger size (India Prints) at Three Guineas, we will send securely packed and carriage paid to any address in the world for 2s. 9d.; and every reader purchasing this picture will be entitled to participate FREE OF ALL CHARGE in the Annual Distribution of valuable Oil Paintings.

Money returned in full if not approved.

THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION, 251, Kensington High Street, W.

Have HIS or HER Initials Engraved on One of These Beautiful Gold-Filled Signet Rings



They are
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and are
GUARANTEED to wear and keep their colour for 5 years.

In order to introduce our Illustrated Catalogue of our world's famous gold-filled jewellery we will send you one of these beautiful signet rings (all sizes—Ladies', Gents', or Children's) at mere cost of engraving the initials on the inside for one letter, and 1s. 1d. for monogram of two initials; the picture. These rings are genuine 12ct. gold-filled, and guaranteed to wear and keep their colour for five years. We receive thousands of testimonials from satisfied customers all over the world. Cut table for that they have used it to us with your name and address and Postal Order for amount, and you will receive your ring and Catalogue by return of post. There is nothing further for you to pay, or commission of any kind.

SIMS & MAYER.

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100 TOYS

THE GREAT WAR ON YOUR TABLE.

100 Pieces (all Made to Stand Up—Height 2 1/2 inches). Great Forts with Siege Guns, 25 Banging Jack Johnsons—Galloping British Artillery, &c.

Here is the most wonderful Christmas Package of 100 Toys for the small team of 14.

These 100 Toys will cover the table and set the kiddies' eyes aglow with will-be happy excitement. And not only will be fascinated by the authentic realism of the Christmas Toys, but will be so much interested in the story of the Great War that they will be able to tell you all the news of the war.

Open up the Package, and you will find the Great War on your table. First there are the Great Forts with Siege Guns, 25 Banging Jack Johnsons—Galloping British Artillery, &c.

Next come the Great Forts with Siege Guns, 25 Banging Jack Johnsons—Galloping British Artillery, &c.

Then follow the Great Forts with Siege Guns, 25 Banging Jack Johnsons—Galloping British Artillery, &c.

And now the whole of your table is transformed into an excitingly realistic battlefield.

On the surface the battlefield is a map of the Great War, with the Great Forts with Siege Guns, 25 Banging Jack Johnsons—Galloping British Artillery, &c.

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OUR MONSTER CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,470.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1914

24 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

A SOLDIER SLEEPS AMID THE SNOW: WHAT CHRISTMAS
MEANS TO OUR BRAVE TROOPS AT THE FRONT.

S.P. 317



Anyone who does not realise what a winter campaign means and what terrible hardships the men have to undergo has only to look at this remarkable study by a French photographer. While the civilian takes refuge from the cold in a

soft blanket-covered bed, the soldier, who protects his home, must get his rest as best he can, often exposed to biting winds and driving snow. There are no eiderdowns or hot-water bottles at the front.

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PRICE **10/-**
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anywhere
£5 10s per doz.—£45 per hundred
In Fur Dept. on Ground Floor.

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET LONDON W

This extremely chic French Coat is in **Natural Sable Mink**. The skins are of rich dark colour and very light in weight. Probably the smartest and most becoming Fur model produced this season. **8 gns.** Impossible to make in the ordinary way under **14 gns.**

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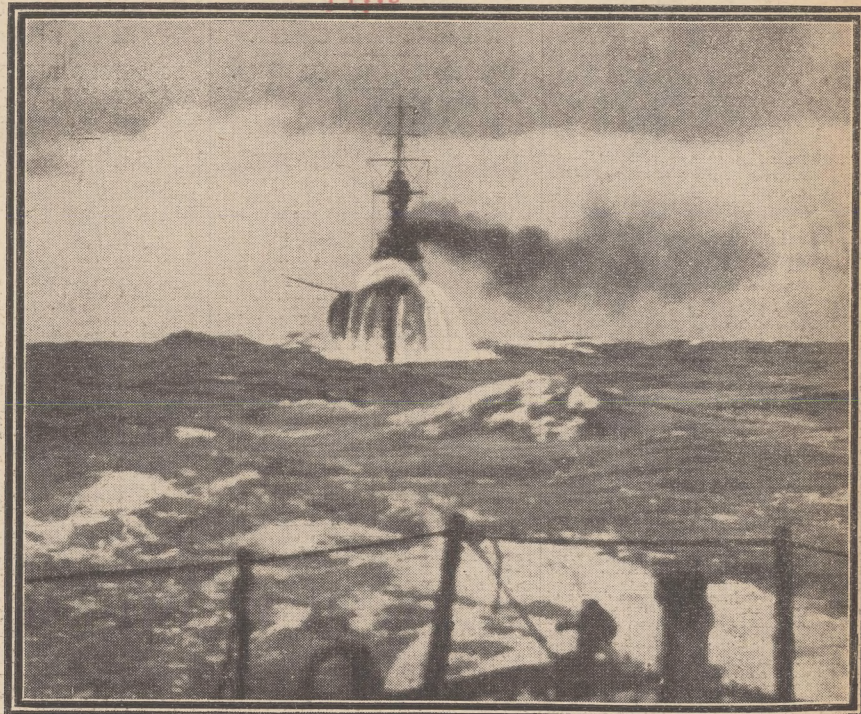
WHEN THE BRITISH NAVY IS AT WAR: A CONTRAST IN CHRISTMASSES.



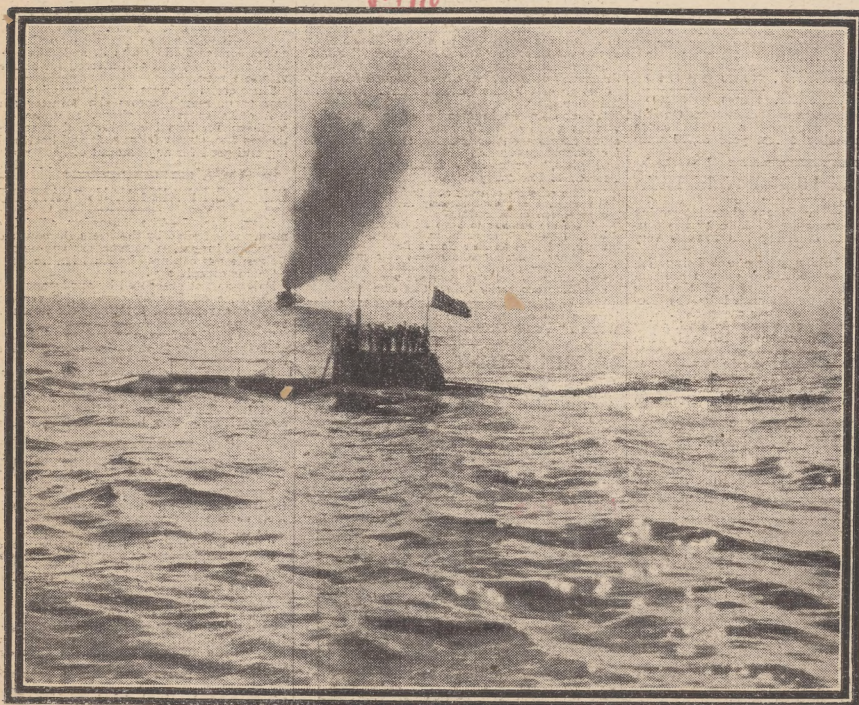
Holly instead of shells for the guns.



"It's jolly to be on leave."



Patrolling the North Sea. Our Navy never sleeps. Night and day it guards these shores.



Crew on board a British submarine waving a greeting to a cross-Channel steamer.



Sailors are capital entertainers.



Bluejackets decorate their ship.

There will be no jollifications in the Navy this Christmas. Last year peace reigned, and the festival was marked by much merry-making. But the intervening months have brought war, and Britain's shores must be kept inviolate and her merchant

ships guarded, as they carry our products to all corners of the globe. So our brave bluejackets must keep their ceaseless vigil, which each day tightens the grip over the enemy. The pictures illustrate the contrast between the two Christmases.



BEGINS ON PAGE 7—



"THE TWO LETTERS."

—OUR NEW SERIAL



CHILDREN'S PLEA FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Why War Should Not Stop Christmas Fun and Frolic.

CROWDS OF SHOPPERS.

"Will Santa Claus come as usual this Christmas? Shall we have plenty of fun and games as we always do?"

Thousands of fathers of families are being bombarded with questions like these just now. There is the same spirit abroad among young and old—how shall Christmas 1914 be spent?

Some interesting opinions as to how they will celebrate Yuletide this year were obtained from representative people yesterday.

A father of a family of young children told *The Daily Mirror* that he did not see why there should be any difference in the Christmas festivities this year.

"The idea of sitting down and trying to be serious (and possibly gloomy), because we are at war seems to me ridiculous," he said. "We hope to be just as jolly as usual this year."

Another father said: "Christmas is the children's festival, and there is no reason why the children in most homes should not be as happy as usual. I should not dream of stopping their gaiety in any way. Santa Claus will come. There will be a Christmas-tree, and the children will play the usual Christmas games."

One, middle-aged City man said that his grown-up family would have a Christmas Day visiting Belgian refugees and entertaining their children.

COST OF FESTIVE FARE.

The good old-fashioned Christmas dinner of hot roast beef and plum pudding will be as easily obtainable as ever this year, despite the war.

For meat is plentiful and reasonably cheap, while Christmas puddings—stuffed with sugar and spice and all things nice—should be very nearly as cheap to make as last year.

The dried fruits which usually come from Turkey are, of course, off the market, but, thanks to our command of the seas, supplies from other lands have come to hand.

Here are the latest prices of the articles which form the principal constituents of a Christmas pudding—

Flour (household), per 7lb.	1s. 1d.
Current, finest, best, per 3d.	3d.
Suet (best), per lb.	11d.
Ditto (mutton), per lb.	7d.
Braising (sultana), finest, per doz. packets	3d.
Baking powder, per doz. packets	7d.
Candied peel, per lb.	6d.
Allspice, per lb.	6d.
West Indian sugar, finest, per lb.	3d.

"Among the dearest articles of food just now are eggs," a representative of a large stores told *The Daily Mirror*.

"Selected eggs are fetching 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d. and 3s. a dozen, which is just about twice the usual price."

"The high price is due to the fact that, owing to the war, we are not getting so many French eggs as usual."

MOTHERS' RESOLVE.

Christmas shopping is in full swing, and the children's bazaars are doing an excellent trade. "The kiddies must have their Christmas," that was the phrase spoken to *The Daily Mirror*. It expresses the feelings of mothers and aunts, and so the toy trade is quite brisk.

There is a special rush in the provision departments of the big stores, and all parcels sent to the front should be dispatched by December 12, and every woman with a loved one at the front is sending him a Christmas pudding and other delicacies.

One quaint Christmas present for girls and women—the result of the war—is a combined apron bag.

It is a pretty apron with a large pocket bag to hold the knitting wool and needles, and most women are employing all their spare minutes.

"You can hardly move in the shops for the crush in the afternoons already," they said, get our shopping done early." This is what women are saying to each other, and so, despite the cold, Christmas shopping is proceeding merrily.

FAIRY TALES THE KAISER TELLS.

PRETORIA, Dec. 5.—It is officially announced that a telegram, the original of which is in the possession of the Defence Headquarters, was recently picked up by a patrol of the Union Defence Forces in German South-West Africa, containing news of the situation for dissemination among the German troops in German South-West Africa.

Of this telegram the following is a literal translation:—

In Angola the following English-Portuguese cables are published:—October 2.—Complete destruction of Russian Fleet near Kronstadt.

October 1 and 2.—Great sea battle Heligoland. England admits five large warships, among them admiral's ship, destroyed.

Two hundred and fifty thousand Hollanders occupy Belgium to clear the road for the German troops to France.

October 17.—Kaiser gives guarantee of effectiveness of Boer Republics if they attack now.

America intervenes. Will not tolerate annexation of Chinese territory by Japan.

The Emden blockades the Suez Canal.—

Reuter.

REAL FAIRY PRINCESS.

King Albert's Sister Dresses Tiny Refugees in Paquin Costumes.

BELGIANS KISS HER HAND.

"Vive la princesse!"

That was the excited shout heard in Dover-street, London, on Saturday afternoon when Princess Clementine—sister of King Albert—distributed clothes to little French and Belgian refugees at Messrs. Paquin's establishment.

The workrooms, where some of the loveliest of ball gowns are made, have also been busy making tiny outfits for refugee children.

A fête of Saint Nicholas—which is the real name for Santa Claus or Father Christmas—was held for our foreign guests, and many women who could never expect to afford a Paquin gown watched the Princess dressing little refugees in Paquin costumes.

Many more babies and little children arrived than were expected, but all received toys and were entertained to tea and a Punch and Judy Show.

Princess Clementine, a handsome figure with pretty golden hair, was dressed in a dark costume with a black velvet hat trimmed with an English rose. Like some fairy princess she herself dressed the small refugees in their new Paquin creations.

Some of the little children she kissed, and she had a pleasant word for everybody.

At the door some of her brother's subjects kissed her hand as she left.

CALL OF THE BELL.

Fall of 168,000 in Number of Spectators at League Matches—No Scottish Cup-ties.

There was again a great drop in the attendances at the big football matches throughout the country on Saturday as compared with those of a year ago. The difference was 168,000.

Compared, however, with those of a week ago, Saturday's figures showed a slight increase. This was doubtless due to the fact that the weather at most places on Saturday was fine, while on the previous Saturday it was very wet. These are the totals:—

Last Saturday at 23 matches	174,700
Previous Saturday at 23 matches	169,000
December 6, 1913, at 30 matches	312,000

The totals of attendances at the contests of the three principal Leagues on Saturday and on the corresponding day last year were:—

1914.	1913.
First League	110,000 197,800
Second League	30,500 36,000
Southern League	34,200 59,000
Totals	174,700 342,500

The biggest drop was at Manchester. On Saturday 14,000 men witnessed a First League match—on December 6 last year 36,000 were present.

HUNS DRINK LILLE DRY IN DAY.

PARIS, Dec. 5.—The *Figaro* gives interesting details of the occupation of Lille by the Germans. The cost of living has become very high.

While the inhabitants are not being ill-treated by the invaders, the officers are installed in the best houses, and all the wine cellars of the city were emptied by the Germans on the first day of their occupation.

The Germans made an offer of 1s. 10d. a day for labourers to dig trenches, but only five accepted.

As the city has been unable to pay the war tax of £200,000 the Germans have forbidden payments of relief to the penniless wives of French soldiers with the colours.—Exchange Special.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For all districts—Continuing unsettled, with some rain; hail in places; temperature variable.



Miss Kate Hume leaving Dumfries Police Court on Saturday, where she was accused of uttering forged letters alleging that her sister, Nurse Grace Hume, was killed by the Germans in Belgium. The story created a great sensation when it was published. The Crown withdrew the charge.

HOW TO BE 'EYE-WITNESS.'

Great Battle Anyone Can Watch in the Heart of London.

NO CENSOR AND NO "—."

A desperate land battle and fortress siege are raging in the very heart of London town. The battle is not being fought at —, however, neither is it at "Somewhere near somewhere else," but is actually being waged in Holborn.

The exact position of the battlefield is disclosed if you read closely, and when you have learned where it is you can become "Eye-Witness" of the struggle without being censored!

Thousands of soldiers of the British Expeditionary Forces and the Allies are fighting furiously against corps upon corps of Germans.

First one side and then the other gains and loses ground, and the battle front is represented by a zigzag line of positions taken, held or lost.

Fierce as the conflict is, it is asserted by those who assume a decisive turn until about Christmas time.

Corps upon corps of infantry, division after division of cavalry and numerous batteries of heavy artillery, are engaged on both sides. Some are on the march, others are in the trenches, and others again are dashing on to an attack.

A river marks most of the battle front. Gunboats are tearing up and down, thwarted in one direction by the wreckage of a huge railway bridge.

At the public is able to watch this battle actually in progress, for the whole of the battle ground is enclosed in a huge glass case, and is, in fact, under cover at Ganage's.

It is, perhaps, the greatest attempt ever made to obtain realism in toy warfare.

At Messrs. Bassett-Lowke's establishment in High Holborn *The Daily Mirror* was informed that they had sold many thousands of toy warships since the war began.

The most popular appear to be models of those ships which have already played a part in the war, such as the Sydney.

POWER OF A SHILLING.

New Year's Offering by Which Women Can Help Their Distressed Sisters.

Women who wish to start the New Year well should lend a sympathetic ear to an appeal addressed to them by Lady Roxburgh and Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson.

They invite the women of the United Kingdom to contribute a shilling as a New Year's offering to the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund.

The war has brought acute distress to women, thousands of whom have been rescued from the dire poverty by the Queen's Fund. Financial help is urgent.

Over sixty workrooms have been started in various parts of the country, and in London alone employment or training is now available for several thousands of unemployed women and girls," write Lady Roxburgh and Mrs. Pearson to *The Daily Mirror*.

"The schemes of work and training throughout the country approved already involve an annual expenditure of over £250,000.

We are anxious to have all donations sent in by December 16, so as to enable us to announce the grand total on New Year's Day.

Every woman can augment this great New Year's offering to the less fortunate of her sisterhood for those who feel that they are unable to afford a shilling can easily collect this sum.

Women should forward their New Year's offerings to the offices of the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund, 35, Portland-place, W.

BRITISH FLEET ATTACKING?

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 5.—A message from Berlin states that forty British and French warships have gathered outside — (excision), with the evident intention of forcing their way through.

This, however, will be impossible. The fortifications have been greatly strengthened and the water is thickly strewn with mines.—Central News.

P. 16765

HIS GUNS DEARER

TO HIM THAN FOOD.

Artilleryman's Tender Affection for Grim, Death-dealing Cannon.

CITY OF SOLDIERS.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

YORK, Dec. 5.—York absorbs soldiers more easily than any English city or town I have visited during the war.

It is a military centre, and during the late summer and autumn it has sent some of the best to the front, including the Scots Greys.

In the shadow of her famous minster tens of thousands of men have marched. Until October thousands were encamped on the historic Knavesmire. They are not there now, but they are billeted in the city and its environs, and they march and counter-march on its turf.

GRIN OF THE GARGOYLES.

From the roofs of stone churches, blackened and softened by centuries of existence, grinning gargoyles seem to criticise these new fighting men whose tramp awakens the memory of field forgotten wars. And their grin seems to turn into a smile of grim satisfaction as the troops pass by.

These men are of the same stuff, although no longer garbed in doublet, breastplate and helmet, nor armed with sword and buckler, cross or long bow.

York goes quietly on with its business, although encamped almost under the very shadow of her railway station and within half a battery of field artillery. Grim and deadly as the three guns look, they are deeply loved by those who serve them.

I saw them just as they had come back from their morning's work, and Tommy lingered affectionately near them instead of hurrying to his food. He was scraping splashes of mud off his loved gun.

Men riding bare-backed, men leading horses, men on the march are to be seen in every street, and a few miles out, at Strensall, there is a tin city, and more thousands are there, mostly Leeds Territorials.

GOOD FOR HARD WORK.

Every school and hall within the walls of the town has its quota of troops. In the rest times you can see them playing cards, dominoes and draughts, but you see them at their best on the march, foot-slogging over the Yorkshire roads.

I had a long chat with a private of the West Riding Regiment. He said they were eager and ready to go to the front at any time.

Their battalion was as fit as anything save active service could make it, and like most of the Territorials, had volunteered for active service to a man.

They certainly were very impressive when I saw them march across the Minster square. Not quite so tall, perhaps, as some of our southern Territorial battalions, they are nevertheless fine, sturdy fellows, fit and healthy looking and good for any amount of hard work.

P. J. MOSS.

EMPTY CITY AUSTRIANS 'CAPTURED.'

NIŠ, Dec. 5.—The following official communication is issued by the Press Bureau to-day: Austro-Hungarian newspapers announce that Belgrade was captured by Austrian troops.

This is completely false. Belgrade was evacuated by our troops and the authorities left the city on evening, November 29. The town remained for thirty-six hours without troops.

There is, therefore, no question of the taking of Belgrade after fighting, but merely of the entrance of the enemy.—Reuter.

ROME, Dec. 5.—An Athens telegram to the *Tribuna* states that the Serbian Army, having received adequate reinforcement, has resumed a violent offensive on the line Revas-Rudnik-Arcangelovsk. The battle continues.—Central News.

GREAT GENERAL'S GREATEST WISH.

PARIS, Dec. 5.—An officer writing in the *Illustration* declares that General Joffre has said he feels certain of ultimate victory.

According to the writer, the General has said:—"I am not relying upon the Germans weakening their lines, but on the account of the Russian front. They will not have time to do that—the Russians will advance too quickly. I will take care of what is before me."

After the battle of the Marne, when his staff officers asked General Joffre if he were not aware that he had won the greatest battle of all time, he replied: "What I want to win is rest in my little home in the Eastern Pyrenees."—Central News.

KILLED 2,000 IN ONE NIGHT.

"We have done our share in 'doing in' the Germans. Our machine-gun section killed 2,000 in one night."

This is a statement in a letter sent to his parents by George Hooton, a twenty-year-old soldier, who is serving at the front with the machine-gun section of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards.

Only last week the Germans tried to break our lines, but were repulsed with heavy losses. Private Hooton continues. "They eventually found out who we were and brought up their best regiment, the Prussian Guards, but the Grenadier Guards were there, and out of 1,000 Germans that came up for the attack only fifty went back."

GERMANS ADMIT THEY HAVE BEEN FORCED TO RETREAT 25 MILES

Enemy Hurries Over French Frontier to Escape "Murderous Artillery."

ALLIES CARRY TRENCHES BY STORM.

German Batteries Silenced at Several Points and Fort Destroyed.

AIRMEN DROP BOMBS ON Foe's AEROPLANE SHEDS.

After eight weeks of useless sacrifice in the attempt to gain Calais, the Germans have retreated twenty-five miles and, what is more, Berlin officially admits this big retirement. The "murderous French artillery" is blamed by the Huns for the retreat, which has taken place on the line Vermelles-Bethune. The Germans on this line have retreated right out of France into Belgium to new positions near Tournai.

While the enemy is retreating the Allies nearer the coast are steadily advancing.

Considerable progress, says a French official report, has been made at Langemark, near Roulers, between Dixmude and Ypres. German trenches there were stormed and carried along a line nearly half a mile in length. German troops have been withdrawn from Ypres; and crowded trains have been arriving at Maubeuge and Boussu.

BERLIN MAKING EXCUSES FOR 25 MILES RETREAT.

Retirement to "Stronger Positions to Avoid Unnecessary Sacrifices."

ROTTERDAM, Dec. 6.—The Germans officially admit that they have retreated on the line Vermelles-Bethune eastwards for a distance of twenty-five miles before the murderous French artillery.

Officers state that they retreated to secure stronger positions.—Exchange.

The communiqué from the German Main Army headquarters, published in Berlin yesterday, says:—

Vermelles was evacuated by us, according to a concerted plan. Its further retention, in face of the continued French artillery fire, would have resulted in unnecessary sacrifices. Before retiring we blew up the buildings which remained standing.

West and south-west of Altkirk the French have renewed their attacks unsuccessfully with important forces.—Reuter.

ALLIES' CANNON TRIUMPH.

PARIS, Dec. 6.—The official communiqué issued at 3 p.m. says:—

Yesterday at a point not far from the ferryman's house in Belgium, the capture of which was reported yesterday, our heavy artillery destroyed a small German fort.

The enemy vainly endeavored to retake Wolendrecht.

On the remainder of the northern front absolute calm prevails. This has been also the case in the region of the Aisne.

In Champagne our heavy artillery was very active and successfully replied to and beat the enemy's batteries.

In the Argonne the sapping war goes on. We continue to advance slowly, repelling all attacks of the enemy.

There has also been a slight advance in the region south-east of Varennes, where the German artillery was reduced to silence.

On the remainder of the front there is nothing noteworthy to report.—Reuter.

PARIS, Dec. 6.—It is officially announced that French airmen have thrown bombs on the aeroplane sheds at Freiburg, in Bresgau, twenty-four miles south by east of Colmar, in Alsace.—Reuter.

JOFFRE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Dec. 6.—The opinion here seems to be that the Germans are prepared to fall back from their present line of trenches, but desire that we should pay some price for the ground gained.

General Joffre knows a game worth two of that. Recent "nibbles" by the Allies at the German lines have not roused the invader to a counter attack.

All along the German line there is a constant pressure with the object of discovering places weakened through the dispatch of reinforcements eastwards.

General Joffre is reported to have said last week: "We shall have a Christmas present for our people if things go well."

And Joffre has a habit of doing more than he says.—Central News.



Austrian boy leading a horse captured from the Russians.

SAT ON BOMB—TROUSERS IN RIBBONS.

British Soldier's Dire Peril That Happily Proved Only a Humorous Incident—Wanton Destruction of Ypres.

That the destruction of the beautiful and historic cathedral at Ypres was the result of German exasperation and disappointment at the failure of their plans is the opinion expressed by "Eye-Witness" in the following descriptive account from the front, issued during the week-end:—

December 2.—On Sunday, the 29th, the enemy in front of the right of our line kept up their efforts to throw bombs into our trenches. The other day in the rush to get away from one of these missiles two men fell over each other, one actually sitting down on the bomb. It exploded.

When the smoke cleared away the man was discovered to have escaped with very slight injuries to himself, but his trousers were torn to shreds, to the great amusement of his comrades, who greeted the incident with shouts of laughter.

TRENCH OF SLEEPING HUNS.

On Monday, the 30th, the Germans displayed a little more activity along our line. On the left two of their guns were caught in the open by our artillery as they were apparently changing position under cover of a rainstorm. One was knocked out and the other was abandoned.

In this part of the field also occurred one of those strange incidents which are not uncommon in fighting at close quarters. An infantry officer who walked up to a German trench found all its occupants asleep. As a memento of his visit he carried off a bayonet.

It is reported on what is believed to be good authority that the Germans have renamed Ostend, and that the railway station is now placarded with the name "Kales."

Detailing the shelling of the town of Ypres by the Germans, "Eye-Witness" says:—

That the town escaped so long was apparently due to the fact that up till the 6th the Germans counted on capturing it, and did not wish to cause damage.

On military grounds the initial bombardment can to a certain extent be justified, but the subsequent conduct of the enemy denotes a desire for senseless destruction.

CATHEDRAL IN FLAMES.

The last attack in force was delivered on November 17. Four days later the Germans commenced to pour a stream of shell into the central market square; and whereas the Cloth Hall and cathedral had both escaped material damage, the trenches then, these two historic buildings were blazing fiercely by 3 p.m.

LURED ON TO DEATH IN ARMOURD MOTOR-CARS' VAIN ASSAULT.

Fire of Batteries Held Till Enemy Came Within 150 Yards of Trenches.

Athrilling story of how French courage and tenacity hurled back a furious attack on Sainte Genevieve is told in a Reuter special message from Paris.

The enemy bombarded Messons, and then delivered a fruitless assault, being then two and a half miles from our trenches at Sainte Genevieve. They brought heavy guns into action, and in two days fired no less than 2,000 shells.

Advancing on Sainte Genevieve, they were allowed to come forward to within 150 yards of the French trenches.

Then the French batteries opened fire hurling death and destruction into their ranks. The enemy was taken completely by surprise and in the face of the destructive fire changed direction towards the slopes of Sainte Genevieve.

This point was held by the 51th Regiment of the line, who held fast in the face of overwhelming numbers and eventually forced the enemy to give up the struggle and to fall back leaving 1,000 dead.

It is stated that in order to do this the Germans brought up a train armed with heavy guns, which were used under the directions of a captive balloon.

So soon as the Cloth Hall and cathedral had been demolished, fire was no longer directed on those buildings.

In the words of a French communiqué—which will also be the verdict of history—"This magnificent old city was condemned to death on the day when the Emperor was forced to renounce the hope of making an entry into it."

PERISCOPES IN THE TRENCHES.

In another account dated November 29, "Eye-Witness" relates how the use of an instrument similar to a submarine periscope enables men in the trenches to detect sapping by the enemy. He writes:—

It is not possible to give any details of the method upon which our trenches are arranged, but it is permissible to describe how the enemy is carrying on the close attack at some points. From the last position attained they sap forward.

RAIN OF BOMBS.

Several saps having been driven forward, their heads are connected by a lateral trench, which becomes the front line, and can be used for stormers to collect for an assault.

In some cases, usually at night, a sap is driven right up to the parapet of the hostile trench, which is then blown in by a charge.

Amidst the confusion caused and a shower of grenades the stormers attempt to burst in through the opening and work along the trench. They also assault it in front.

Most of this fighting takes place at such close range that the guns of either side cannot fire at the enemy's infantry without great risk of hitting its own men.

The rôle of artillery projectiles, however, is well played by bombs of all descriptions, which are used in prodigious quantities.

As may be imagined, what with sharpshooters, machine guns and bombs, this kind of fighting is very deadly, and somewhat blind, owing to the difficulty of observation.

The latter, however, is somewhat decreased by the use of the "hypercroscope," which is much the same in principle as the periscope of a submarine, and allows a man to look over the top of a parapet without raising his head above it.

On December 4, on the Babanitz-Lask road, our armoured motor-cars, taking advantage of the darkness, dashed into a column of the enemy and dispersed it with gun and Maxim fire, inflicting heavy losses.

The following official dispatch has been received from the Army Headquarters in the Caucasus, dated the 2nd instant:—

Our troops, after fighting on the Dilman and Kizi roads, have seized Sarai and Kashkal. The Turks, who desperately defended the positions outside these towns, have fled.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 6.—A telegram from Iglo (Hungary) states that the Russians, who had invaded the districts of Zemplin and Savos, have been driven back.—Reuter.

THE KING DECORATES SIR JOHN FRENCH.

Order of Merit Conferred During His Majesty's Historic Visit to the Front.

MONARCHS' WAYSIDE TRYST.

Looking very fit and well, the King returned to London on Saturday night from the front, where, with characteristic energy and thoroughness, he packed more work into his six days' visit than would be within the capacity of most men.

During his visit His Majesty conferred the Order of Merit upon Field-Marshal Sir John French. This Order, the membership of which is limited to twenty-four—a number which has never been reached yet—is one of the most coveted of distinctions.

GARTER FOR KING ALBERT

Official details of the King's visit were given in last night's *Court Circular* as follows:—

During the King's visit to his Army in the field His Majesty was able to see practically all the troops, except those actually in the trenches.

The King visited the headquarters of all the army corps and divisional commanders, and inspected the different departments of the General Headquarters.

His Majesty visited many of the base hospitals, receiving hospitals and field hospitals.

The King was visited by the President of the French Republic, M. Viviani, the Prime Minister of France, and also by General Joffre, Generalissimo of the Allied Forces.

His Majesty received General Foch and other French generals, the headquarters of whom were specially associated with the British Army.

The King visited the King and Queen of the Belgians, and conferred upon his Majesty the Order of the Garter. His Majesty conferred the Order of Merit upon Sir John French.

The King, says the Press Association, conferred the Victoria Cross on Naik Darwan Sing Nezi (1st Battalion 89th Garh Rifles). A sepoy has also been awarded the Victoria Cross, but is seriously ill in hospital. These are the first V.C.'s gained by Indians.

MONARCHS GRASP HANDS.

The King's historic meeting with King Albert, says a yesterday's Reuter's Special Service message, took place without a ceremony in the simplest manner possible in a quiet country road.

The two monarchs advanced towards each other and their outstretched hands met in a long and firm grasp.

Their Majesties entered King Albert's motor-car and crossed the frontier into Belgian territory. There they stopped to hold a review of the troops, after which they proceeded to a place not named, where they dined and conversed without ceremony upon the events of the war.

GRIM DRAMA OF GHOUL IN GREEN BONNET.

Nemesis That Overtook Spy Who Robbed Dead and Wounded on Lonely Farm.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Dec. 4 (by courier).—As some Belgian soldiers were nearing an abandoned farmhouse in Flanders a horse suddenly neighed, and a solitary figure in a grey cloak galloped madly towards a brook.

A dozen rifles cracked, and the rider fell on the ground.

When the Belgians entered the farmhouse they found seventeen dead and a few wounded comrades.

From the wounded they learned this sinister story:—

When the party entered the farmhouse they lit the stove and sat around it.

Shortly afterwards they heard footsteps above, and a man with a green bonnet, put on his goggles and wearing a grey cloak slowly descended the ladder from the loft.

He said the farmer, his cousin, had sent him to get some money hidden in the loft, and the Belgians, believing him to be an inhabitant of the countryside, let him go.

Soon the little party fell asleep, being overcome by subtle poisonous fumes from the stove. How long they drowsed they could not tell, but they were rudely aroused by shells bursting in the farmhouse.

They tried to rise, but the stove held them prisoner, and so it was that some of them were killed and others injured by shells.

Suddenly the man reappeared, and, finding them all helpless, drew his revolver and menaced them.

Then he went through the pockets of the dead, placing the proceeds of his infamous robbery into two immense pockets under his mantle.

When he had finished robbing the dead he turned his attention to the living, incapable of resistance. But at that moment his horse neighed, and he made his vain dash for life.

W. L. McALPIN.

**NO MORE
HIGH PRICES
DURING THE WAR FOR**

TEETH

**Would You
Like a Set of
BEAUTIFUL
TEETH
FOR 15/-**



**THEN WRITE TO OR CALL AT WILLIAMS' DENTAL
SURGERIES WITHOUT DELAY.**

**Send Your Teeth to be Repaired. Returned in a Few
Hours. Lowest Charges and First-class Work.**

Everyone who has bad teeth—or even one tooth only that is bad or aching—will be delighted at the splendid opportunity afforded by the remarkable public-spirited offer of the most famous Dental Experts in London.

Instead of having to pay higher prices owing to the war, you actually pay much less than usual, and yet secure the highest skilled work. The finest possible workmanship—the greatest possible dexterity, quickness and convenience—and the lowest possible charge, is the rule at any of the Williams Surgeries during the war.

**REPAIRS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.
COMPLETE SET FITTED IN
FOUR HOURS.**

Nor is there any waiting. You are attended to by an expert dentist at once. The most skilled advice is freely given, and all extractions, stoppings, etc., are accomplished with an ease, speed and absence of pain that are amazing to those who have hitherto had to put up with the old-fashioned methods so often employed by even the high-priced dentists.

Repairs, too, are effected at once. If you are at present wearing artificial teeth and there is a breakage or defect you can have it put right while you wait. Even a complete set can be fitted perfectly in four hours!

If you are feeling depressed with toothache, indigestion, nervous trouble, unpleasant breath, general bad health, or any other complaint due to bad teeth pay a visit to Williams's at once.

It will mean vastly better health and a wonderful improvement in appearance. Make up your mind now to remove the handicap of decayed or unsightly teeth, and have them made sound and perfect at Williams's.

**WITHIN EASY REACH OF
ANYWHERE.**

Wherever you live there is a Williams Dental Surgery within easy distance. The West End, the North and North-East and the Southern side are equally well catered for.

There is a Williams Dental Surgery in Oxford St. (next to the Oxford Music-hall), another in Gray's Inn Rd. quite close to King's Cross, and yet another in Newington Causeway, a stone's throw from Elephant & Castle, S.E.

To these branches there is always a quick service of trains, trams, tubes and buses from everywhere. Country visitors, too, frequently take advantage of a trip to Town by calling at Williams's just as though on a "shopping round."

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.

If you cannot call conveniently for a day or two, send a postcard to Williams's nearest branch, and a useful and interesting book, "Good Teeth for All," will be sent by return of post. It tells you a great many things about your teeth, and shows how many thousands suffer from bad health through no other cause than defective teeth.

Expert advice is always at the service of callers free of charge.

**HOW WILLIAMS' SAVE
YOU MONEY IN WAR-
TIME.**

Teeth Painlessly Extracted	1/-
(with Gas)	2/-
Decayed Teeth Stopped	2/-
Single Artificial Tooth ...	2/-
Complete Set ...	15/-
Gold Filling ...	10/6
Gold Crowns and Bridge and Bar Work Equally Cheap.	

**Repairs While You Wait.
Teeth Fitted in Four Hours.
Easy Terms if Desired.
Bridge and Bar Work a Speciality**

**18 & 20, Oxford St.
Next Door to Oxford Music
Hall.**

Hours: 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Williams
DENTAL SURGERIES

**141, Newington Causeway,
London, S.E.**

**293, Gray's Inn Road,
King's Cross.**

Hours: 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Be sure and read the Opening Chapters of this Powerful Serial-to-day. It is one of the most human and powerfully dramatic Stories ever written.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

BEGINS
TO-DAY



"Love looks
not with
the eyes,
but with
the mind."

THE HALF-CLOSED DOOR.

"I AM sorry about last night, honestly, I am. Aren't you going to forgive me?"

The man, leaning against the big desk which occupied so large a space in Mrs. Cunliffe's private office at her establishment, contrived to throw a note of sincerity into his well-bred, pleasant voice.

His dark eyes searched the face of the girl, whose head was bent so persistently over the web of fine lace she was mending with an exquisite skill, but for all the sign she gave of her words, or, indeed, of his presence there at all, he might have spoken to deaf ears.

It was not possible for an assistant to request Mrs. Cunliffe's cousin to leave her office. Had it been, she would already have done so. That was what Sylvia Craven's attitude was intended to convey. In an amused way, Stanhope Lane was perfectly aware of this.

Stanhope Lane was an all too familiar figure at the shop in Sloane-street, where—not officially, of course—it was common knowledge that Mrs. Cunliffe's affection for him was more than cousinly.

Of course, his continual presence, lounging in the showroom, coming and going at will through the office, would not have been tolerated in a shop conducted on ordinary business principles. But in an amateur shop many things are permissible, and "amateur" summed up the entire working of the extremely elegant establishment which, on the death of her husband, Mrs. Cunliffe had opened in Sloane-street for the sale of antique lace and embroideries.

To Sylvia Craven on her coming to it, less than two months before, it had seemed an enchanted place. Now, as she sat there, with her head bent over the delicate web of her work, giving no outward sign of her knowledge of the presence of this man she was beginning to dread, she was asking herself if—even for her sister Valerie's sake... the fear of Valerie's disappointment—she could endure much longer.

"Come, can't you be generous, too?" Lane asked. He had left his lounging position by the desk and had come nearer to the low chair on which she sat. "I am not even trying to excuse myself—though when you came out with me I might be excused for thinking—but never mind that. What I want you to say is simply that you'll be friends again. Real friends, Sylvia."

"How dare you call me Sylvia!" Unexpectedly the girl's self-control snapped. Her voice rang out with a sharp note that marred the very exceptional beauty of its tone. Her grey eyes, as she sprang up and faced him, had darkened almost to violet. "I have no desire to be friends with you. You have simply made me despise you."

Behind her the door of the office stood slightly ajar, and the contemptuous words carried clearly to the ears of a woman who had just entered the shop. She paused, drawing up swiftly and silently, against the hangings that masked the door. Against their glorious background of lacquer red, her face of a dark pallor was silhouetted sharply as a cameo. Its pallor seemed to deepen to an ashen hue as Lane's voice with its half-tender, half-mocking note came to her.

"Ah, but you mustn't speak like that—it's foolish. When little girls speak like that they raise up ugly demons in a man. We've got to be friends, Sylvia. You've bewitched me with your lovely face and your foolish, foolish pride. Why, if I'd an ounce of sense I'd have stayed away from the shop to-day—what do you suppose Mrs. Cunliffe will be thinking—but I had to come, Sylvia. Do you understand what that means—do you—do you?"

There was a movement behind the half-closed door, a girl's faint cry and a man's half-smothered sobs, and then Stanhope Lane's face that had hardened at the mention of her name changed. A queer light crept into the dark, fiercely bright eyes. Just a moment longer of waiting and then, very quietly, Mrs. Cunliffe pushed open the door and went in.

For a full moment the scene hung before her eyes—immovable, like a picture. The white-paneled walls, the big desk with the telephone upon it, the figure of Lane and the girl—in this man who was her lover—hers, bound to her by every bond that honour and gratitude can forge, and this... this child... this shop-girl.

Lane's back was turned. He was holding the girl's wrists, drawing her towards him steadily by sheer superior strength, drawn back as she

was from him by the length of her rigid arms. Sylvia Craven's white face was filled with an angry contempt. Anger, too, and contempt blazed in her grey eyes, but, as she stood across the room they met Mrs. Cunliffe's furious gaze.

"Ah, but this is outrageous! Miss Craven, what is the explanation of this scandalous conduct?"

Mrs. Cunliffe's voice rose sharply in her anger. As in a mirror she had an instant's vision of herself pitted against this girl who possessed in abundance all those gifts that life was snatching from her so irrevocably, youth and beauty and the wide-eyed fearlessness that only youth can know.

"My dear Rose!" At the sound of his cousin's voice the man swung round with a smile on his good-looking face. He was very brown, and if he had flushed at having been caught in this manner it did not show beneath the tan.

In that moment, however, Rose Cunliffe had scarcely a thought of him. Her anger was an almost impersonal thing. It was woman against woman. Vashti in the presence of Esther. Youth, glorious and triumphant, against middle age. He made a little rueful gesture at the sight of her livid face.

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't make a scene!" he said. "The occasion does not warrant it. Whatever there may be of 'scandal' in the incident is my fault entirely, and, I trust, I owe Miss Craven an apology for having behaved more or less like a cad."

He bowed to the girl, who stood, white and blank, calm, extraordinarily good-looking figure in her grey gown. The manner of the apology was admirable; an onlooker might have said chivalrous, but there was a look in the man's dark eyes as they met hers that robbed it of all savour.

Only last night during that miserable, mistaken episode of the theatre party he had whispered a sentence that had conveyed a threat to her heart—

"Better, far better, to have me for a friend than for an enemy, little Sylvia. You'll find that out one day..."

Meeting the mockery in his eyes now, almost spite of herself the question forced itself in on the girl—had that day already come?

A WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.

MRS. CUNLIFFE seemed to sweep the man as well as his words aside in her scornful gesture.

Men out of ten would act—left alone with a pretty shop-girl. Unfortunately, however, one is bound to demand a higher standard of conduct in the young women one employs. You must understand, Miss Craven, that I have no further need of your services."

She seated herself at the desk and drew out her cheque-book. Sylvia Craven watched her in silence. Her heart was beating wildly. She could not speak, simply because if she did the tears which she must not shed before these people could not be held back.

What had she done, she asked herself passionately, that fate should have sent her this man, this man who stood there with the latent mockery in his eyes, waiting—waiting—as he seemed now always to be waiting, and this intolerance from the woman who knew, as well as she did, that she was in no way to blame.

Mrs. Cunliffe—With an effort the girl had to obey the command of her voice. She took step forward; indignation lighted up her face with a new beauty, like a flame behind some white transparency. "Surely you cannot—"

She did not turn. Her white, capable-looking hand travelled firmly across the form.

"I shall write you a cheque for a week's salary in lieu of notice," she said, and it was exactly as though the girl had never spoken.

"You will realise, of course, that after what has occurred it will be useless for you to refer any future employer to me. For your sister's sake, however, I do not propose to make any scandal. You can tell your sister any story

"Scandal? But it is a scandal that you should speak to me in this way!" There was a note of passion in the girl's breathless tone. Her face had flamed like a rose. "You know that I am not to blame, after what Mr. Lane has said, Mr. Lane—"

She swung round with a swift appeal towards the man whose persecution had culminated in this scandal, but Stanhope Lane had slipped quietly from the room. He could do no good by remaining there, he told himself. Later he would deal with the women—separately. Together they had no common cause against him. Besides, he hated scenes.

Mrs. Cunliffe laughed evilly.

"Your champion has deemed discretion the better part of valour. Never mind, you will probably find him waiting—as usual—at the corner of Sloane-street."

She tore the cheque from the counterfoil with a little shrieking sound. "Of course, your future is entirely your own affair," she added cautiously, yet, again for your sister's sake, may I venture a word of advice? Do not place too much reliance on my cousin. Men of the world have very easy consciences where girls of your class are concerned, your cousin is no exception.

She smiled, and there was something in her

smile that rent the veil of childishness from before Sylvia Craven's eyes for ever.

Hitherto the world had been something of a playground for this girl who had come straight from her schoolgirl's dreams in a far-off Flemish convent into this shop which, after all, was only a fashionable woman's plaything.

Of men she had known practically nothing. She had created them all anew in the image of the only man she had ever known—John Hillier, who was working in India to make a home for the woman he loved, Valerie Craven, her sister. Then had come the adventure of the theatre last night, where the girl had gone with a child's pleasure, and where in one ugly moment Stanhope Lane had shown her the potential foe lurking behind the mask of a friend.

But now... all the ugly facts of life seemed to leap into knowledge before the illumination of this woman's smile.

Sylvia's hands went to her hot cheeks with a little unconscious gesture of shame.

"You are cruel," she cried, tremblingly, "cruel and heartless. You are worse than he is—far worse, for he is only a man and you are a woman. You are cruel and unfeeling."

A great deal, Miss Craven. Very much more than you imagine. I have not been blind, though perhaps you have thought me so. But your type is really a very familiar one. I have had encounter with it very often before—demure, provocative pride—"

It was with an obvious effort that Mrs. Cunliffe controlled her tongue. Her face worked a little painfully as she turned back to the desk and picked up the cheque.

"Now take your money and go," she said, in a shaking voice. "I shall be glad to be rid of you. And please remember—it will be useless for you to apply to me for a reference."

She held the cheque towards Sylvia, who made no effort to take it. It fluttered to the floor and lay on the carpet between them.

Sylvia knew that. As well shout aloud at a stone wall as attempt to vindicate herself in the eyes of this jealous woman, who was treating her in this brutal fashion. Yet the desire for self-justification was hard to forgo.

"I cannot take your money, Mrs. Cunliffe. I have done nothing for which I need be ashamed—"

"But your money—money honestly earned is hard to come by."

And now Sylvia knew that if this money were all that stood between her and starvation she could not so much as touch it. If the world held no friend for her, thank Heaven, her case was very different from what it might have been. She had Valerie, Valerie who loved her and would understand...

Her clear eyes met the dark ones with a look in their deep depths before which the dark ones fell. Without another word or a backward look she left the place.

The woman standing by the desk watched her go, the girl's head rankling in her heart—not with her lay the victory in this ignoble clash of arms.

With a sharp cry she fell on her knees by the desk, and, hand on forehead, she buried her face in the padding of the bureau. The slim figure of a girl moving through the murk and windy lamp-light of the night, and the light in a man's eyes as he came out of the gloom to meet her.

A TUMBLING WORLD.

GREY and chill and cheerless was the afternoon as Sylvia turned out into Sloane-street and was swallowed up by the moving forest of umbrellas. The rain had turned to a drizzling mist that seemed to penetrate body and soul.

In the shop her pride had enabled her to keep a brave front; here in the bleak freedom of the streets pride failed her. She was shamed into her heart's innermost recess, and she realised miserably that the worst of her ordeal was to come.

She had yet to tell the story to Valerie.

If Valerie had loved her less it would have been less hard. But Valerie had the right to expect a story from her. To Valerie Sylvia felt she represented the necessity for a great sacrifice...

...not that Valerie had ever by word or allusion suggested that she had sacrificed herself... but, rightly or wrongly, Sylvia felt that Valerie—her school-friend—her loneliness—Valerie who had married John Hillier before he went out to India on that five years' contract...

Only for her sake Valerie had remained at home... to eat out the years of her youth... waiting.

Sylvia's hands tightened inside her muff. Then—it would be difficult to explain to Valerie why she never spoke of the annoyance to which Mr. Lane had subjected her. She wished she had... only poor Valerie herself had seemed so worried these last weeks.

At the corner of Sloane-street, waiting as the woman in the shop had prophesied he would be waiting, Lane loomed up out of the murk and mist, a specter clothed in gloom, as it seemed, of the hurrying throng. She would have passed with no flicker of recognition, but he caught her by the arm and she could not struggle there in the open street.

"Mr. Lane," there was a breathless note in

Sylvia's voice as she paused there under the lamp, "there is nothing in the world that you could say which I could desire to hear. You must not annoy me in that way, or I shall be compelled to seek protection—"

The man laughed.

"Not a very conciliatory young lady nor, for the matter of that, a very wise one, Sylvia, he mused. "Now look here, I got you into a scrape, and I want to help—"

"I require no help."

"Oh, but you are sure? I'm glad to hear you say so—but are you quite sure? You never know where trouble is going to come from, you know. And—it is better to have friends than enemies."

A sense of helplessness descended on Sylvia. For the first time the man seemed to be—not a nuisance, but a menace. She was conscious of a dawning fear of him; a fear that gave her strength to make a desperate retreat before him.

A crawling hansom, archaic and unfamiliar in that busy street, lumbered out of the mist and responded to the rapid signalling of her hand. Before she could utter a word, the hansom had broken away from him and was entering the vehicle.

"Drive on—drive on!" The driver proved unexpectedly obedient to her whim. The hansom was more mobile in retreat than a taxicab would have been, with its endless manœuvring on the greasy roadway. As she drove off Sylvia had a glimpse of Lane as he stood there under the lamp staring after her, an expression of vivid passion on his dark face which it was not good to see.

In the dim sanctuary of the cab she burst into tears. Was it because he imagined her to be alone in the world that he had dared not insult her so? But she was not alone, thank heaven! She had a home, she had Valerie...

Yet for the first time in her life the thought of her sister failed to warm her heart. Great waves of sorrow swept up over Sylvia, sobbing in the corner of the cab. She was very much alone in reality... Valerie had other interests... Valerie had Jack Hillier as a friend. She was just a burden, and now she was a disgrace.

She could scarcely control her voice to give the directions to the driver when she saw a discreet delay, he called for them through the trap in the roof.

Innumerable flights of stairs led to the little top flat, where the sisters lived, that looked out into the tree-tops in Chelsea Gardens.

The tiny brass knocker, a cat's head with a disreputable, leering wink, seemed to grin a welcome to her. Ah, but it was good to be home—to have a home, and all that it implied of strength and shelter.

There was no response to her knock; she repeated it fruitlessly; then, slightly chilled, she tumbled for her key. Of course, Valerie was not yet; how stupid of her to forget that she herself was a couple of hours earlier than usual.

The sense of chill deepened as she went into the flat and switched on the light. The waters lay on the mat; she picked them up without troubling to look at them.

As she straightened herself her eyes met the gaze of pictured eyes looking out of a photograph that stood on the mantelpiece. She looked at it and scrutinised it closely, a curious look on her face.

"You only acted as nine men out of ten would have done," the memory of the old words came back. The back-smuttering. Was it true? Were men like that? Was even Jack Hillier like that?

His steadfast eyes seemed to give back an answer, for a tender little smile flickered about her lips.

"Oh, no; oh, no! It isn't true, dear Jack. You can't be the only tenth man in the world. There must be some—not many, but some—men as dear and good as you are! For you are a dear, you know, and Valerie's a lucky, lucky girl."

With a little childish impulse she brushed her lips across the glass before she set it down to stand for another hour scrutinising the strong, calm face that had about it the look which belongs by right to those men who go down to the sea in ships.

"You've done—cheered me up tremendously—you always could, you dear..."

It was true. In some odd way the sight of Hillier's steadfast eyes had calmed her. Always, ever since she had known him, first as a cousin, then as a friend, a self-willed child of seven, Hillier's influence over her had been extraordinary. And to Sylvia Craven still there was only one Jack Hillier in the world. She had broken with childhood anxiety when she had said she considered Valerie a very lucky girl. To look forward to spending all her life with Jack—what more could the heart of a girl desire?

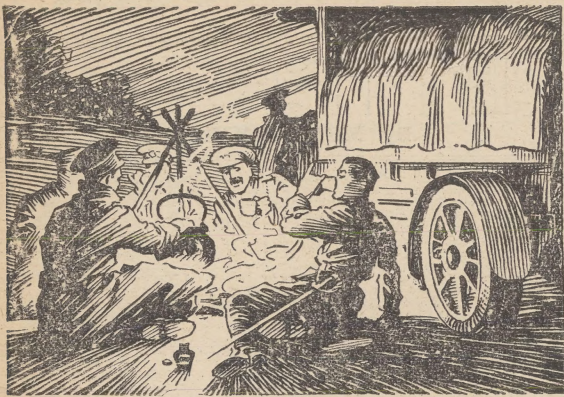
She changed and filled the kettle and set it on the gas stove in the tiny kitchen before she returned to the sitting-room.

The wind had increased in violence and whistled and sang of the trees in the garden with a strength that spoke above the murmurous voice of the traffic. Occasionally a little squall of rain beat against the window, or found its way down the chimney to splutter in the fire.

"How late Valerie is—she will be wet

(Continued on page 17.)

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)



Redrawn from a sketch sent by an Officer with the British Expeditionary Force.

OXO at the Front

The reviving, strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement in the great war. It is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion, either to promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigues.

It aids and increases nutrition; it stimulates and builds up strength to resist climatic changes; it is exactly suited to the needs of our men at the front, and in training, as well as for general use in the home.

From one of the London Scottish

"I managed by some miraculous means to come right through the battle of Messines, where we made our (if I may say so in all modesty) now famous charge, without a scratch. After the terrific ordeal we went through, they gave us a week's rest and then moved us up to . . . After we had lain three miles behind the firing line for a whole day, we got the order to advance. It was that evening I was wounded. A bit of shell hit the top of my head, and luckily only made a deep clean cut of about an inch.

"The chief item of solid food out here is Bully Beef, but we also have OXO, and it is much appreciated in France and Belgium by the British troops. I saw one man exchange cigarettes for OXO, saying that he *could* do without smokes,

but he was going to make sure of always having something to keep him alive until he got hit!"

A lady has sent us a letter from her son on board H.M.S. LANDRAIL in which he says

"I must thank you very much for the contents of the parcel, and couldn't have had anything more acceptable. The OXO is plenty to go on with; you can hardly imagine how useful it is, it comes in handy in the middle of the night, it is so freezing cold at sea now."

Another lady has sent us a letter from her son with the British Expeditionary Force in which he says

"OXO is more precious than gold out here as it makes a quick hot feed."

OXO for the wounded

The ease with which OXO is assimilated is one of its strong recommendations in weakness and emergency. Frequently it is the only food a patient can retain.

Doctors are prescribing OXO largely for the wounded for this reason, as well as for the strength it gives and maintains.

OXO's active aid to nutrition frequently carries a patient safely through serious crises, and accelerates recuperation.

For cases of collapse, prostration, extreme fatigue or exhaustion, OXO fills an essential niche in the War equipment of our fighting men. It is a standardised pure beef food-product, and can be relied upon both in emergencies and in every-day life.

OXO



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British made in Rugby England

They are unsurpassed for Economy, Brilliance and Durability.

All Electrical Dealers sell them.

The new lighting regulations - free advice to shopkeepers

Our lighting experts will be pleased to give Free Advice on Shop Lighting, to conform with the wishes of the Authorities. Our Illuminating Engineers act in an advisory capacity only. WRITE TO-DAY.

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Branches in all large towns.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

FOR THE TROOPS


From all quarters we hear the same simple request.
"SEND US CIGARETTES."

**TROOPS AT HOME
(Duty Paid)**

It would be well if those wishing to send Cigarettes to our soldiers would remember those still in Great Britain. There are thousands of Regulars and Territorials awaiting orders and in sending a present now you are assured of reaching your man. Supplies may be obtained from the usual trade sources and we shall be glad to furnish any information on application.


**TROOPS AT THE FRONT
(Duty Free)**

John Player & Sons, Nottingham, will through the Proprietors for Export, (The British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd.) be pleased to arrange for supplies of this world-renowned Brand to be forwarded to the Front at Duty Free Rates.



JOHN PLAYER & SONS,

Castle Tobacco Factory, Nottingham.



Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

ALGERIAN VOLUNTEERS WHO ARE FIGHTING WITH THE FRENCH ARMY



Lieutenant of the Goumiers, who are fighting for France.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



In action in Belgium. Nearest the camera is Lieutenant Ferhat Aissa, who raised the troop. It is composed of sixty, wealthy Algerians, who all volunteered for service and paid their own expenses.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

WINTER FASHIONS FOR WOMEN: TWO PRETTY CLOAKS.



Black velvet mantle trimmed with fur.



Muff to match the collar.

Though war is raging the fashion designers continue to pursue their occupation. Lately they have devoted much of their attention to warm winter cloaks, and two of their ideas are shown in the pictures. Both have fur collars and should keep the coldest person warm.



Corporal of the Goumiers. They are men of splendid physique.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

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4 for 3/11, post free.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1914.

"PEACE AND GOODWILL."

WE publish our Christmas number to-day, so as to be in good time to carry the yearly greeting to our friends at the front and elsewhere overseas. In spite of the "unChristmassy" atmosphere of 1914, there is no reason why "goodwill" for those to whom we are bound more closely than ever by a common task in common danger should not find expression this year.

For the rest, what Christmas utterance can there fitly be but an indication of the amazing contrast that exists between the ideal Christmas—what it is supposed to mean—and this Christmas, with what inevitably it is? "Peace and goodwill amongst men," proclaim the pulpits everywhere. . . . Or, let us rather say, they would proclaim it, were it not at this moment, and for months, perhaps years, to come, a folly even to hint of such good things. . . . To such a pass, after so many years of Christianity, preached but not applied, has the western world come, for which Milton wrote (in a time of wars) his famous Nativity Ode hymning the coming of Christ as the coming of peace also:—

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unharnessed with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

"Peace and goodwill"—they are as far, or farther away, than ever they have been amongst men: it would be nonsense to deny it. All the lesson of Christianity, its essence, its main doctrine (whatever secondary and disputed doctrine it may contain) is simply the lesson of love. We look about us: everywhere is hate striving for mastery in Europe.

Love, too, however, though trodden and despised, there is: and this each of us consolingly feels as he thinks for a moment of those torn from us, who fight for us in this unparalleled December of 1914. In proportion as our opposition and hostility, nation to nation, grows and feeds on war, does our love grow for those of our own race and for races who fight and bleed beside us. "Good wants evil," the optimistic poet tells us—as black wants white to mark its true difference and shadow: so perhaps this prevalent hate helps us to show forth the one-day-to-be-realised love that shall in turn rule over the discordant universe.

That, evidently, is 'as far off,' in its beauty, as the fairy-like poem of Milton's, celebrating the mystically changed world of the first Christmas—showing the unearthly silence that followed the identification of the human with the divine for one brief moment in the world. Peace and goodwill—a mere fairy tale! So far, it is but goodwill without peace—goodwill from us overseas to all who now stand for what we most love and cherish. To these we send, then, the familiar greeting, or, rather, half of it. "Peace" must wait till another year, and this year even the pretence of Christmas must be but a momentary truce—a pause, paradoxical—in the immense welter of tragic contest in almost every corner of a world that professes to obey the gospel of non-resistance and forgiveness. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is only necessary to grow to become indulgent. I see no fault committed: that I have not committed myself.—Goethe.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

WHEN WAR SHALL CEASE.

THE ruin likely to be produced all over Europe by this war will surely be a lesson good enough for this generation at least. Only when the war is forgotten will people again be found to claim that war is a good thing. Netherhall-gardens, Hampstead. Sres.

YOUR correspondent truthfully says: "I see no means of avoiding war while human nature remains what it is." This is really a very important subject.

Jones meets Brown and candidly admits to him that, Kaiser-like, he wants the whole world. Brown also asserts that he himself wants it. Now, when this monstrously vile, grasping propensity is sought to be put into practice—which is done, through our imperfect nature, times out of number—the only outcome we are sure of in the indulgence of this mad and

FOOTBALL IN WAR TIME.

IT must by this time be very obvious to player and spectator alike that professional football cannot go on as in past seasons while men are being wanted to serve their country in the war. The great controversy which the continuation of the game has aroused will certainly do the national winter pastime no good, and it is obvious that the sooner the players and the lookers-on who are eligible to join one of the many branches of the new army do enlist the sooner the war will be over.

Although I am of opinion that the players have been too harshly criticised lately for their apparent lack of patriotism, I cannot help thinking that those who are eligible would please their many friends and admirers by joining the colours instead of entertaining them at home for an hour and a half each week. The average first-class footballer is an intelligent man, and

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' CHRISTMAS TREE.



BUT THE REALITY IS NOT LIKE THE DREAM



They dreamed of all the beautiful gifts—namely, victories—that were to be on it: then woke to find abortive "rushes," lost positions and retreats.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

wicked craving of self-love is discord, war and bloodshed.

"Love your neighbour as yourself" will remedy this state of things, also "Love one another—not self alone." And let us not be ashamed to fly to Scripture for its moral and philosophical teachings if through the imperfections of our own hearts and from our own experience we have not yet profited by and arrived at or discovered the antidote for wars and quarrels.

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS.

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein afford a present to the Infant God? Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain, To welcome him to this his new abode. Now while the heaven, by the sun's beam untrod Hath to a k no print of the approaching light, And all the expanded host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road The starry wizard hastes with odours sweet! Oh! run; prevent him with thy humble ode, And lay it lowly at his blessed feet: Haste thou the honour first thy Lord to greet, And join thy voice unto the Angel Choir. From out his secret after touched with hallowed fire.

It cannot be small pleasing to him to be so adversely criticised. But he is also a good athlete, and he quickly becomes a good soldier on account of his great fitness, so those the recruits that are wanted for the new army. The training that those of us who have offered our services in this crisis are undergoing

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 3d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

would enable him to maintain his good condition, and there are plenty of opportunities for him to maintain his form with the ball, for in almost all battalions football is the leading pastime. Those players who are unable to enlist should not find their means of securing a livelihood taken away from them, even if football were practically banned for the time being. J. F. W.

CHRISTMAS AND WAR.

Thoughts and Suggestions for Greeting Our Brave Troops at the Front.

NO PRESENTS?

ONE of your readers recently suggested that there should be no Christmas presents this year.

I would suggest rather that what Christmas presents there are may be sent out to brighten the hard task of our troops.

Princess Mary has set the example we most need in this respect. Nothing is too good for our troops. Let us make their Christmas as bright as can, even if here at home we feel disinclined for the usual merry-making of the season. Christmas ought this year to be a time of self-denial for us—but not for them. Let all of us contribute, then, in gifts of a seasonal sort, to that unaccustomed Christmas cheer in Belgium and in France.

H. V.
Lyall-street, Belgrave-square.

BE CAREFUL!

ONE has heard a suggestion that there should be a truce in the fighting on Christmas Day.

It would be very nice if it could be so. But as all such truces and treaties are to the Germans mere scraps of paper and words of no importance, let us be careful that they do not choose that day for a particularly vigorous attack, relying upon the Prussian Golt to help them.

H. V.
Ormonde-gate, S.W.

WHAT HE LIKED BEST.

FROM a friend of mine, an officer at the front, I heard the other day that what he liked best was a "good long letter full of home news."

He has been sent presents of all sorts as well. But to bring the sense of home into the hard work of the field is apparently the effort most appreciated by some of our brave men.

Whatever we send, then, let us send letters with the gifts.

A SOLDIER'S SISTER.

"THOROUGH" IS USELESS TO ATTRIBUTE TO THEIR THOUGHTFULNESS.

IT is useless to attribute to the German defects to their thoughtfulness. It is well to distinguish virtue from defect.

Let us not imitate their pedantry, their brutality, and the docile manner in which they follow their leaders into crime.

Let us, on the other hand, imitate their habit of taking trouble over all they do. Our national vice is much more frequently idleness than the proverbial hypocrisy. The Germans are never idle. That is one reason why they have outstripped us in many branches of trade.

She was perfectly well and eating ham sandwiches in an interval of working mufflers for men at the front. H. F.

"THOROUGH."

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Rollcourt-avenue, S.E. TRAVELLER.

IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 6.—This is the mistletoe season—presumably, in spite of war, mistletoe will be needed as usual.

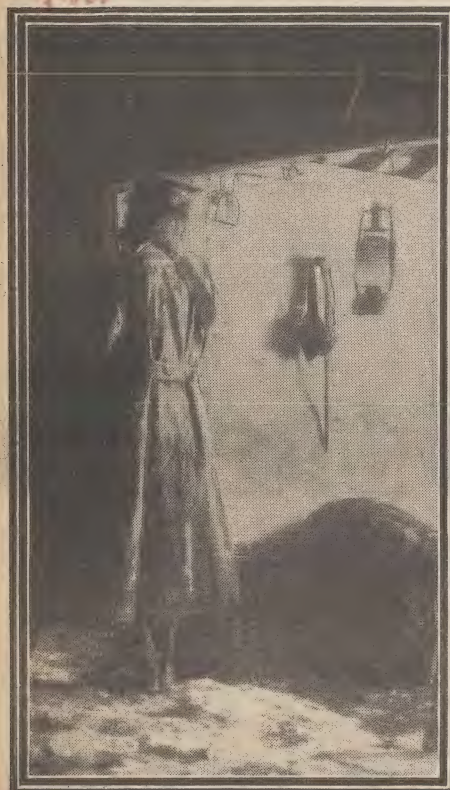
Therefore it is well to know that it is quite easy to grow in country gardens. It can be cultivated on an old apple tree, and is often seen on the maple, hawthorn, lime, poplar and pear. The seed should be "sown" early in the spring—not later than April. Slits are made in the bark of the tree, on the underside of the branch, and the seeds are pressed in. They should be carefully protected from the birds.

E. F. T.

WAGING WAR IN A SNOW-CLAD COUNTRY: FRENCH PHOTOGRAPH



The British soldiers have built themselves wooden "shanties" behind barricades of trees and sacks.



The sentry has a very cold job. Negligence on his part might decide the fate of a nation.



The Belgian artillerymen sometimes turn navvies. Here they are seen repairing a road in the battle area.

NURSING BELGIANS.



The Hon. Irene Lawley, the late Lord Wenlock's daughter, nursing a Belgian soldier in the village institute at Escrick, York.

200 MILE MARCH.



Colonel Lord Goschen helps to carry the big drum during a recruiting march in Kent. He is covering nearly 200 miles on foot.

Gazing into the warm, bright interior; his



"A violent cannonade" from the interior

VIVID PICTURES OF THE HARDSHIPS OF WINTER CAMPAIGNING.



His home and his wife and children, who are so return.



The only fight they can take part in now is



Though bitterly cold themselves, the soldiers must always be ready to give the enemy a warm reception.

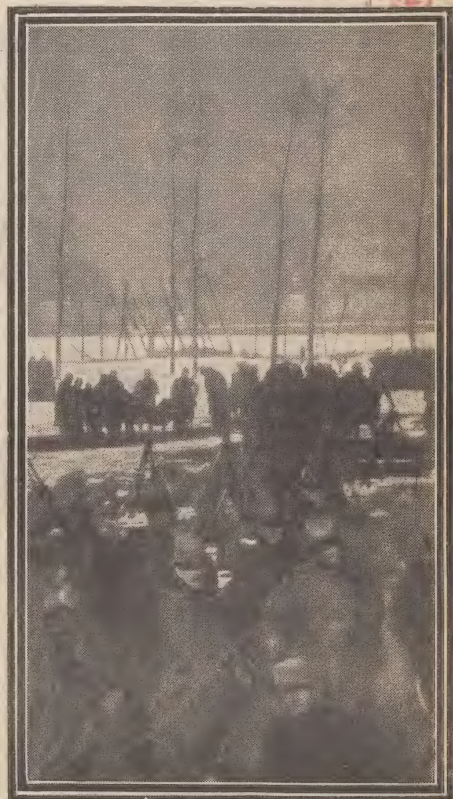


Those of us who stay at home can never realise the delight of a fire as the man in the picture realises it.

LITTLE MISS CHURCHILL.



Sarah Millicent Hermione were the names given to Mr. and Mrs. Churchill's baby daughter, who was christened in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons. The pictures show the infant fast asleep and her parents arriving for the ceremony. (Daily Mirror photographs.)



French troops moving up to relieve the British in the fighting line during the fighting in Belgium.

World-Famous Witney Blanket Firm's Offer. HOUSEWIVES' REPLENISHING SALE of REAL WITNEY BLANKETS

TO MAKE UP FOR SHORTAGE CAUSED BY GIFTS TO ARMY
Direct from The WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD., WITNEY (Only Address)
FREE Pattern Portfolio and Special Sale List

So many thousands of housewives have generously given blankets to the troops that they will find that a shortage exists in their own homes. To assist readers to quickly and cheaply replenish their diminished stocks, the Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., of Witney, have inaugurated a grand

HOUSEWIVES' REPLENISHING SALE.

Housewives, you will be surprised at the Bargains offered in this Sale. Everyone should send for the Free Pattern Portfolio showing delightful new Blankets in colours which is issued by the Witney Blanket Co., Ltd. The very thought of Blankets brings the name "WITNEY" to your mind. This is because the Witney Blankets have made such a name for themselves that people naturally associate the name with any blanket they happen to see. How wrong this supposition is the following will easily explain. Read on and see how Witney Blankets are in a class alone.

BUY ONLY DIRECT FROM WITNEY.

Quality—and high quality at that—has made the Witney Blankets so famous. There is no blanket so heavy, so warm, so hardwearing and so light as the Witney, and this is simply because there are certain peculiar local conditions in the neighbourhood of Witney which



Witney Blankets are delightfully warm and woolly. Equip your home with Witney Blankets this coming Winter. You would not dream to be possible. This is the Housewife's time to look ahead. Equip your home with Witney Blankets this coming winter. Now is the time to try in your stock of warm and woolly Blankets while they can be obtained on the special terms now offered by the Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., of Witney.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS SAY—

"Prices Right", October 16, 1914.
"Received the Blankets, and am very pleased with them; they are real bargains."

"Many thanks for the two pairs of Troopers' I sent to hand yesterday. We are very pleased with the same, and consider they are good value, and think that they are even better than the one you sent as sample."—W. E. HARD, Corwen, N. Wales, October 2, '14.

FREE CATALOGUE AND PATTERN PORTFOLIO.

The Free Book and Pattern are the wise woman's Encyclopaedia. It reminds her that not so very far ahead there are cold, cheerless nights. It reminds

The Famous Butter Cross, Witney.



This is a few words from Witney Blanket Co., Ltd. W-rooms. In former times the women used to bring their water to sell at the Butter Cross on market days.

her that her stock of Blankets is getting thin and needs replenishing. It also shows her what superior quality the Witney Blankets are.

FILL IN COUPON

at the bottom and you will receive the Catalogue by return, together with the Pattern Portfolio of Blankets in miniature, so that you can choose by sight and feel—the only satisfactory way.

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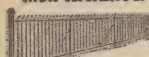


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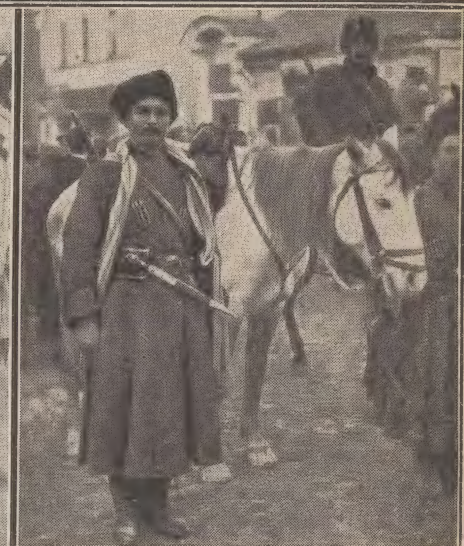
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THE CAMPAIGN IN POLAND: THE MEN WHO ARE BEATING THE GERMANS.



Russian advance guard in the main street of a town in Poland. These soldiers are typical of the men who are inflicting defeats on the Germans in the eastern theatre of war.



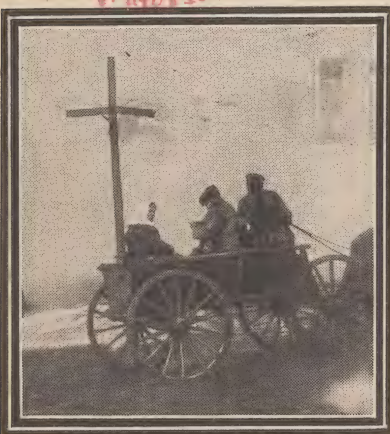
The second picture shows Cossacks, and was taken at the same time as the first one.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



German motor-car, completely wrecked by a shell, lying by the roadside.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



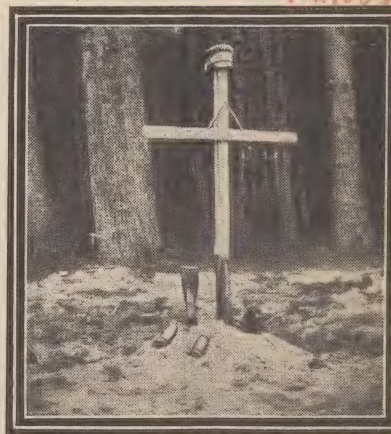
A Siberian pony falls while drawing a transport wagon. It was soon on its feet again.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Austrian soldier's grave on the battlefield at Rawa Ruska.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



A Cossack holds the reins in one hand and a kettle in the other.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Cap surmounts the cross on a soldier's grave at Argoustow.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



M. Maurice Maeterlinck.

M. Maeterlinck.
I am among the admirers of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet—the Belgian Shakespeare—he has sometimes been termed—but for once I hope most sincerely that he has made a big mistake. A correspondent in Milan, writing to me, quotes from a speech he heard Maeterlinck make in the huge Scala Theatre at Milan the other day. Maeterlinck foretold the greatest act of vandalism that the Kaiser or any other Hun has ever contemplated.

Dare They Do It?

"If anything were needed to confirm the report that the Germans have mined the main roads in central Belgium and some of its principal cities," my friend writes, "it is found in this grave statement of M. Maurice Maeterlinck. He said: 'It is certain that Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges and Brussels are irrevocably condemned.' The admirable Grand Place, the town hall and the cathedral of Brussels—I know it, and I repeat that I know it from a personal and certain source, against which no denial can avail—are mined. It only needs a spark to make one of the most authentic marvels of Europe a mass of rubbish similar to Ypres, Malines and Louvain."

Once a Revolutionary.

Despite the Germans' record, I find this hard to believe, and I find it still harder to imagine that the neutral countries would stand by and permit themselves to be still onlookers of the greatest crime against art the world has ever known. The war, by the way, has effectively checked all of Maeterlinck's revolutionary ideas. At the time of the great Belgian strike last year he was one of the keenest critics of his own Government.

All Patriots Now.

"There is no independence in Belgium," he used to maintain. "With the exceptions of Turkey and Russia, it has the most reactionary Government in Europe." Now that he has seen the independence German rule brings—in fact, before—at the moment when his country was first threatened by the hordes of Kaiserdom, he abandoned all that picturesque talk and took his place among the foremost patriots of his unhappy country. Whatever else the Germans may have done to Belgium, they have consolidated its people and made the place of its noble King, the newest Garter Knight, secure for ever.

Our Now Serial To-day.

If you haven't already turned to page 7 and read the opening chapters of "The Two Letters," I can sincerely advise you to do so without delay. Apart from its intensely human and dramatic qualities, there is a special charm about the writing. Miss Meta Simmins's stories always gain in interest by her way of telling them.

You Must Meet Sylvia.

In "The Two Letters" there is a combination of plot and style which makes it one of the most fascinating and absorbing serials I ever remember reading. Whatever one may think about the ethics of Sylvia Craven's great decision, it is impossible to deny that she is a lovable, womanly girl. She is essentially a charming feminine, and though her heart may be sometimes more in evidence than her head, she is possessed of strong character, which makes her more than usually interesting.

What of Palestine?

Has it ever occurred to you that Christmas Day, 1915, may find Jerusalem and Bethlehem and, in fact, the whole of Palestine under Christian rule at last? In the stern issues of the war near at hand we forget that the Allies are at war with Turkey and that when the great reckoning comes Turkey must pay her price, and that price may settle at last that for which the old Crusaders fought and died so many centuries ago.

Might Have Been a Crusade.

In the reckoning with Turkey surely Palestine will be placed, if not under Christian rule, at least under Christian control. Had our war been with Turkey alone it would now have achieved the status of a Crusade without doubt. As it is no one has ever mentioned the future of Palestine, but yet in historic, quite apart from religious, interest, the question is one of abnormal importance.

Back to the War.

Last Monday I wrote of some stories of life in the field told me by an old friend home from Flanders on a few days' leave. On Saturday morning I went to see him off by train back to his "funkhole" and his life of cannonade and bursting shell. We had an early lunch before he started, and I asked him then what time he expected to be back in the lines. "If I'm lucky, I shall catch a bus at Boulogne and be there by nine to-night," he said. It sounded very casual, very ordinary, and very, very near home, don't you think?

No Tearful Farewells.

The train, when we got to it, was crammed with soldiers of all ranks going back; they were as cheerful as boys off to the seaside for a holiday, and what is more, I saw no tears in the eyes of the hundreds of sweethearts, wives and mothers who came to bid God-speed to their men.

Two Thousand Years Ago.

Jokes were passing freely, and one elderly officer I heard quite seriously announce to a friend, who commented on the stirring spirit of the scene, that he supposed something of the same kind had happened two thousand years ago, when the troops went off to give a warm welcome to Caesar and his armies on the south coast—"only it will be warmer this time," he added.

"The Ypres Foxhounds (?)"

But there was a truly British touch about the scene; one of those touches that will stir the cultured German professor to many columns of polysyllabic compound-worded denunciation of the Briton's appalling ignorance of the properness of war. "A weather-beaten, khaki-clad officer was leading three couples of foxhounds along the platform, taking them apparently to France with him. I don't know whether they are starting a pack of foxhounds to hunt the country at the back of the lines, but it looks like it."

By a Canadian Soldier.

I have been sent these swinging little verses, written by one of the Canadian contingent now completing training in England. They are well worth reproducing.

THE CALL.

I hear the clear note of the bugle
And the roar of the calling drum,
And I feel the swing of the marching men,
And a deep, deep voice says, Come.

For the arrow of duty points forward,
Though the heartstrings quiver and break,
Yet the voice of my calling country
Is one I may not forsake.

For my manhood heads and listens
And bends an attentive ear,
And though war's alarm may bring me harm,
My road lies plain and clear.

It stretches wide from my own fireside,
At the far end stands the foe;
And though grim death meets my eager breath,
I am ready and glad to go.

For England asks for the sons she lent
To the East, West, South and North,
And who stands by when a mother's cry
Is bidding her sons "Stand Forth?"

The shades of the past stand clear at last
For the flag by land and sea;
What was duty for Wellington, Nelson and Moore
Is doubly duty for me.

For they handed down the hard-won crown
That is made for the victor's brow,
And the glory of deeds afloat and ashore
Is one to remember now.

Then God send England the strong right arm,
To prosper well in the fight,
And show that the sea-girt island
Is backed by an Empire's might.

—Queen's Own.

Hun Loves His Christmas.

I will say one thing for the Hun—that he is genuinely fond of Christmas, which is almost as great a home feast in Germany as here. Of course, this year everything will be different owing to everyone's life having been dominated by the mad ideas of the Kaiser. But before the war the German housefather called in all the members of the household, including the humblest servant, and, joining hands, they danced round the Christmas tree, after which presents were distributed. But the Germans will not have heart for Christmas celebrations this year.

Schweinepotter.

When a student in Germany, I spent Christmas with a family near Dresden, and I well remember the Yuletide menu, for it included the popular schweinepotter soup (made of pigs' head, prunes and other dried fruits) and roast goose stuffed with apples, sultanas and rice. If I did not succumb to a bilious attack it was probably due to the fact that I was only nineteen at the time.

"The Wine of Victory."

I was writing the other day of the name by which we shall know the wine of this year's vintage, much of it gathered in actually under shell fire, in those days ahead when it is drunk in happier circumstances. I suggested the prosaic name "War Vintage." The French have a livelier imagination; they have already named it, so my Paris gossip writes me. The vintage is to bear the name of "The Wine of Victory."

Things Will Change by Then.

"The Wine of Victory" will be gracing our Christmas tables by 1918—we shall have seen some changes between this and then, I think. I am told that the wine of 1914 is of exceptional quality, especially in Anjou, in the south-east of France, where the grape harvest is the finest seen for many years. With commendable patriotism the first thought of the wine-growers was for their brothers at the front, and the earliest products of the vineyards in the Anjou country will be forwarded as a present to the soldiers in the trenches.

One Too Many for Them.

My Paris Gossip also writes me a good story of a wily Dutchman who outwitted a couple of the Kaiser's cultured officers. The Dutchman had recently crossed into Belgium on business, but before motoring across the frontier he took the precaution to see that his papers were in order and obtained a German "laissez-passer" for himself and his car. On entering Belgium he was stopped by two German staff officers, who refused to look at his papers and confiscated the car. Then they got in and ordered the owner to drive to the next town.

They Cleared—Quickly.

The Dutchman, with rage in his heart, got up and started off at a good pace. Suddenly the car stopped, and the officers inquired if there had been a breakdown. "No fear," said the Dutchman, opening the door with a profound salaam. "But you're back in Holland! There's the frontier finger-post, and there's the Dutch sentinel. And if you don't want to be interned in Holland you'd better lose no time in clearing for Belgium!" The dithered officers were accompanied to the frontier by a jeering crowd of Dutchmen.

100 Footballs.

The first hundred footballs is complete. Lady Byron wrote me a note on Saturday saying she would be very pleased to send me the eleven footballs needed to complete the century; so now, thanks to my readers, well over 2,000 of our soldiers, either at home or at the front, will be able to enjoy in healthy amusement many hours that otherwise would have been passed in fretting idleness, for "Tommy" on duty is never so unhappy as when he has nothing to do.

Other Gifts to "Tommy."

Lady Byron has been working hard since the war began to supply small comforts and pleasures for our troops. Among other things, she has sent out 100,000 boxes of matches to troops in the field, and nearly every day, she tells me, she gets a little note of gratitude from the front acknowledging her gifts.

A Veteran Matchbox.

One she sends me she received last week from a private in the Army Service Corps. He returned her the top of one of her boxes of matches—it bears the legend, "A match for our matchless troops, from Lady Byron"—and he writes that that box "went through Ypres, Hazebrouck, Silvester Cappel and Morbecque, and the matches have done as good service as the troops."

Son of the Poet's Cousin.

Lady Byron's husband is of the same family and bears the same title as that of the poet. He is the ninth Lord Byron, the poet being the sixth, and is the son of George Anson, seventh Lord Byron, cousin and successor of the poet.

More Wanted.

I still want a few more footballs. Applications are still arriving, so please send some more for the men in the trenches and the huts. They will thank you.

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the other night. I
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had thoroughly rubbed
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with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish
and this kept my feet dry.
If you could send me another
tin or two I should be grateful.
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here but I am keeping
very fit and on the whole
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Turn to Page 7 for the Opening Chapters.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation

By META SIMMINS

(Continued from page 7.)

through," Sylvia said to herself. She hunted out the little pair of well-worn, black velvet slippers and set them in the fender to warm.

As she turned back, her cheeks scorched by the fire, her eyes fell on the letters, where they lay white against the dark oak of the table. She picked them up with a purely idle curiosity. They were both addressed to her. But only one mattered, since it was addressed in familiar writing—the most familiar writing in the world—Valerie's writing.

A letter from Valerie? Why should Valerie write, when, in a few moments, they would meet? Sylvia's heart quickened with a curious premonition of evil as she took up the letters and fell on her knees to read them in the bright light of the fire.

An enclosure dropped from Valerie's letter and fluttered unheeded on to the hearth.

Dearest Sylvia,—You are surprised, I know, to receive a letter from me. Be prepared for surprises. I was married this morning to Sir George Clair. You will think me a brute—to you and to John Hillier. To you I shall be a greater help as the wife of Sir George than I had ever hoped to be. To John I am more merciful than he will, perhaps, at first realise.

We sail for South Africa to-morrow. I don't know for how long—or where we are going. A letter to George's bankers will always find me. I am sending you £5—it is all I have of my own money. I couldn't begin to beg from him at the very beginning. But you'll be able to manage with this and your screw for a bit; later I shall send more.

As for John Hillier, it's time the force of our engagement was ended. Already I have lost three years out of my life—three years of bitterness and depreciation of my womanhood. Probably he will be as glad for release as I am. He ought to be. It's a year now since I have even tried to pretend to myself that I cared for him. Certainly I should have hated him if I had married him. Now Fate has given me all those things of which I have been starved all my life long, and I am grasping at them with both hands. You'll be disappointed in me—I am sorry. Your disapproval is the one thing I regret. Good-bye.—Your loving sister,

VALERIE.

The letter quivered in Sylvia's hand. That Valerie, the sister she loved, should be capable of writing such a letter. . . . Above the whistling of the wind the room seemed vibrant with the crash and crumble of a falling idol.

For in the first moment of shock it was not of

herself that Sylvia thought, but of John Hillier, working and waiting and hoping out in India.

It came to Sylvia that she could have forgiven Valerie if she had done this thing out of love. To Sylvia it seemed that a woman might very well cast away the world for love; but to have sold herself—to have sold Jack—for such a man as Sir George Clair!

Sylvia had seen him once—a big, grossly-built man with a great face that the sun reddened but never tanned. A man who looked exactly what he was—a butcher. Not a man who cut up meat behind a counter, but one who loved slaughter for its own sake and roamed the world round to find it.

The contrasting picture of Hillier rose up before her mind. She had always been very, very fond of Jack. In her schooldays he had been enshrined in her heart as that perfect knight of whom all young girls dream.

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" The words rose with a sob in Sylvia's throat. She put up her hands to her eyes, as though to shut out some pitiful vision.

Tears started to her eyes and trickled through her interlaced fingers. Not for herself—she had not yet realised her own bitter need for tears—it was for the man in India that she wept. For Jack, who had loved Valerie and had trusted her and had been deceived.

In India, when John Hillier learned the manner of man for whom he had been jilted, the knowledge would add to the rankling bitterness of the wound. To John Hillier it would be very obvious for what he had been sold. The old bargain, the thirty pieces of silver against the body and soul of a man.

So Sylvia wept on, whilst on the rug at her feet the other letter lay unopened and, for the moment, unheeded, too.

TEMPTATION.

SYLVIA CRAVEN crouched on the rug before the fire that had burned to a low red level, staring into it with eyes from which the tears had long since dried. There is a misery too deep for tears, and she was drinking the dregs of it now.

The world—her world—had fallen to pieces about her ears. For the moment John Hillier's loss, John Hillier's pain, was swallowed up in the abyss of her own. She had lost everything. She stood alone in the world, penniless, without a home. . . . without not only a friend—an acquaintance even. There were the girls at the shop in Sloane-street, but before that door the

jealousy of a woman held guard as with a naked sword.

What was she to do? What was there that she could do? The question went echoing through her heart, but found no answer. Instead came a winged memory; fragments of the talk with Lane in the wind and rain.

"I require no help. . . . I am glad to hear you say so—but are you sure? We never know where troubles come from. . . . It's better to have friends than enemies. . . ."

And with these words, that repeated themselves in her brain like the insistent burden of a song, came a troop of ugly fears. What had Stanhope Lane meant? Could it be possible that he had known anything of this trouble that had come upon her? Could it even be possible that he had traded on his knowledge of it in order to have her dismissed from the shop?

With a cry Sylvia started up. The darkness of the room had become intolerable. Fear had her by the throat, a ghastly veiled figure of fear.

Hastily she switched on the light and stood with her hand against her breast, where her heart fluttered like a terrified thing that is trapped in the darkness, staring about the familiar room with widened eyes.

The world that had been a playground had become all at once an arena where she must fight for her life against the wild beasts which wage war on women, poverty and desolation and things that are worse than death—fight utterly unarmed. . . .

A cry arose to her lips as she crouched back again on the rug, her groping hands encountering the letter she had forgotten. Mechanically she picked it up. It was a thick letter, she saw, with an Indian postmark. . . . odd that she should not have noticed this before.

Her fingers trembled as she ripped it open. Was it a letter from Jack? He sometimes wrote to her, enclosing them in Valerie's letters. Had he got someone to address this? How funny of him. . . . and how badly written.

As she read on the straggling lines seemed to fuse together indistinguishably. Her heart leapt madly, then stilled sickeningly.

"Beloved. . . . the world has fallen about my ears, and I sit here amid the ruins to write a last letter to you before the darkness swallows me up forever. . . ."

And as she read these words, Sylvia Craven realised that this letter was not for her. In her preoccupation she had mistaken, an eccentrically formed "V" for an "S." This was Valerie's letter—written by Valerie's lover—Valerie who was another man's wife. . . .

For a second she stood there weighing the letter in her hand; then her face hardened. Deliberately she took the letter John Hillier had written to her sister, the woman he loved, and read it through.

"For I'm blind, Valerie—pretty nearly and shall soon be stone blind. An accident at some blasting operations. Seton has just been to tell me the truth—he's the medical missionary here,

and a good friend of mine. So I'm using up the last of the light to write to you. I must speak to you. . . . I must show you my heart—for the last time.

"Valerie, three years of the five that separated us are gone. Three years out of life, and wholly wasted. The bitterness of it, Valerie, the bitterness. If we'd married then—do you remember how we'd half-planned it?—we'd have had those years with all their months and days—all utterly wasted now. . . ."

There were no tears in Sylvia's eyes to fuse these lines that struggled so painfully uphill across the crumpled paper, but a hand seemed to be crushed about her heart; it was still and numb with pain.

"Valerie—I can't bear it. I'm a coward, that's the truth. I can't give you up. Blind and maimed and utterly useless as I am—I want you. I must have you. Come to me, Valerie. You loved me—not the shell of me, and if a woman loved a man she might find happiness here within sight of the snows—even yet. . . ."

The sentence ended with a wavering line, as though the darkness he spoke of had come swiftly as he wrote.

"Blind. . . . Jack blind!" Those dear eyes into which she had looked a while since and found strength. . . . Blind!

A bitter cry broke from Sylvia.

"Jack, dear Jack! And she's false to you—false! You're crying to deaf ears! Ah, if I could come to you—if I could help you even a little!"

And as the cry sounded through the quiet room a great temptation sped, swift-winged, into Sylvia's heart. She stood for a moment with the scattered sheets of the letter on the table before her, staring out beyond the confines of the room to where the man she loved sat in darkness and despair. If it were possible for her to help him—if it were possible!

"He would never know," she whispered suddenly, with a strange look, "he would never know!"

Like a woman in a dream she crossed to where a large pastel drawing of her sister's head hung between the windows.

They were wonderfully alike—even she could see the resemblance. Valerie was older, of course, but the contours were the same; and their voices—Jack had often remarked on the similarity of their voices.

"He would never know!"

Once again she picked up the letter and stood weighing it in her hand; but it was greater things that she was weighing in the balance—John Hillier's future and her own, truth and honour, and the love that has its own interpretation to put upon these words in the hour of its need.

"Jack—if I came to you—because I love you and you have sore need of love. . . . if I came—you need never know!"

The momentous decision of Sylvia Craven will be dealt with in another dramatic and enthralling instalment to-morrow.



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LADY CHARLOTTE BERTIE,
THE BARONESS NOLLI,
THE HON. MRS. RYTLER,
CANON WILKINSON,
CANON ATKINSON,

and many others whose names and letters appear in the valuable Guide to Curing Asthma, Bron-



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WOUNDED RUSSIANS TRAVEL TO HOSPITAL.



Wounded Russians on their way to a base hospital. They are placed on a wagon, the bottom of which is thickly covered with straw to relieve them from the jolting of the vehicle.—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

THE CHARM OF A GIRL.

The Story of a Romantic Meeting.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

CHAPTER LAST.

"In my heart I think I always knew that everything would end happily," said Ruth; she was talking and laughing and wiping the tears from her eyes all at once. "Some people get all the luck, don't they? Not that I grudge it to Molly, bless her, but I do hate the idea of her leaving me so soon—of course, Roger will want to get married at once now, won't he?"

"I suppose he will," said Hillyard, reluctantly. He was leaning against the mantelshelf watching Ruth, with a sort of "sorry" expression in his kind eyes.

He had just come back from the hotel where Gatrik was staying. "Everything was made up and forgiven when I got there, you know," he went on. "Molly sent for me, because she said she wanted to say good-bye to me before she went back to America, but, between you and me, I believe she knew I should never let her go." He laughed, and sighed. "It will be one of those 'married and lived happily ever after' endings, in spite of all that's gone before," he said, rather sadly. "We're not all so lucky."

Ruth winked away two tears. "You've nothing to complain about," she said, a little crossly. "If ever there was a happy bachelor, in the world, I should think you are he."

Hillyard looked at her gravely. "Have you ever heard of Hobson's choice?" he asked whimsically.

He put out his hand and took hers. She tried to draw it away, but he held it fast. "Just this once," he said with sudden feeling. "Ruth—you know—if I'd met you years ago—before—before—" he stopped, and went on with something of passion in his voice. "I'd give ten years of my life if I could make you happy."

She lifted his hand, and for a moment laid her cheek against it, then with a little shamed laugh she let it go and moved away. "The best thing I can have is a friend—a real friend," she told him. "And you are that, aren't you, Richard?"

He caught her fingers again, and bending his head kissed them passionately.

"Always—always."

"There were voices outside in the hall."

"Molly," said Ruth eagerly.

She dashed the tears from her eyes, and turned eagerly as the door opened and Molly came in, followed by Roger Constable.

There was nothing but sunshine in the girl's face, and in his. Ruth made a comical little grimace as she met his eyes.

"And so they married and lived happily ever after," she quoted softly.

Molly's arms were round her.

"It's all through you—I owe everything to you. If it hadn't been for you I should never have met him. If it hadn't been for you..."

"Mercy!"—mercy!" said Ruth, laughing; but she was delighted at the girl's outburst of affection; she returned her kisses warmly.

"And you'll have to be very good to her, you know," she said to Constable with pretended severity. "If you are not"—she frowned—"you'll have me to reckon with. I found her, you know, I consider she is my child."

"I don't think you need be afraid," said Roger.

He looked at Molly, and something in his eyes made Ruth feel as if she wanted to cry. She unlocked the girl's arms from her own neck and pushed her towards him.

"Take her," she said, a little harshly. "Take her, and—oh, I'm so glad you're both happy again!"

She ran out of the room, as if afraid to say more. Hillyard had already gone.

Molly stood looking at the closed door with troubled eyes.

"Oh, I wish she could be as happy as I am!" she said involuntarily.

Roger put his arms round her. "Are you happy, my sweet?" he asked.

She looked up at him. "Are you?" she asked softly.

He bent his head and—everyone knows what is the most eloquent answer in all the world to such a question.

This is the end of "The Charm of a Girl." All those who have read it should turn to page 7 and begin the opening chapters of "The Two Letters," the splendid new serial by Miss Meta Simmins.



For a Child—

the PLAYBOX ANNUAL is an ideal Christmas present. It has 200 pages of Stories, and over 300 Pictures, many of them in full colour. Very strongly bound, and printed on thick art paper, it will last a child for years. Price 3/6.

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Come the three corners of the world to arm's length, and we shall shake them, I thought if Britain is itself to rest but true.

TOUCHWOOD
MAGIC CHARM

STERLING SILVER. ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

It has always been a source of worry and trouble as to what to buy or what to give to your friend, relative, or husband; it has been the same thing every year, and we can quite understand why. The reasons are that there was nothing new, the same old Xmas card, the same old brooch, the same old bangle, whichever it may be. What is more, when you present anyone with a gift, it's got to be something suitable for the occasion; in other words, you could not present a Xmas pudding as an Easter gift, and so on.

NOW WE HAVE PRODUCED A NOVELTY TO SUIT EVERYBODY AND EVERYBODY'S POCKET.

Although the prices are low, you could not give a more appreciated or acceptable present for your friend, relative or fiancée, etc., than this little Talisman.

Queen Alexandra was so delighted with them that her Majesty ordered quite a number of them. The history of these little Talismans dates back thousands of years; in fact, nobody knows how old they are. Right back in the very beginning of things, they were used and believed in as bringers of good luck, happiness and prosperity.

Mr. and Mrs. Touchwood, two of the luckiest charms, with their heads of holy oak and curious sparkling eyes, seem to protect the wearer from all fortune, with their limbs of either gold or silver, whichever is preferred.

They are set with birthday gems according to the zodiacal month, as follows:

Stone.	Zodiacal Sign.	Dates.
Garnet	Aquarius	Jan. 21 to Feb. 18
Amethyst	Pisces	Feb. 19 to Mar. 20
Bloodstone	Aries	Mar. 21 to Apr. 20
Sapphire	Taurus	Apr. 21 to May 21
Emerald	Gemini	May 22 to June 21
Agate	Cancer	June 22 to July 23
Ruby	Leo	July 24 to Aug. 23
Sardonyx	Virgo	Aug. 24 to Sept. 23
Chrysolite	Libra	Sept. 24 to Oct. 23
Opal	Scorpio	Oct. 24 to Nov. 22
Topaz	Sagittarius	Nov. 23 to Dec. 22
Turquoise	Capricorn	Dec. 23 to Jan. 20

Each little Touchwood is suspended from a beautiful real enamel patriotic brooch, or from a silver or gold bow attachment, so that you can either wear them as a brooch, or on a bangle, watch-chain, etc.

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12s. 6d. Each little Touchwood is on a beautiful Xmas card, and packed in a leatherette box. Should you have any difficulty in obtaining any of these at your local jeweller or store, send direct with remittance to the Editorial Dept., 317, High Holborn, London, W.C., and per return you will receive one or more of these lucky mascots.

THE LATEST THINGS IN THE DOLL WORLD: WAR TOYS OF THE MOMENT.



Sir John French and Admiral Jellicoe with the British Bulldog.

The celebrities of the war are the most popular dolls this Christmas. The nursery has taken the King of the Belgians, Sir John French, Lord Kitchener and Sir John Jellicoe to its heart. Most of these dolls can make stately little movements. The toy shops say



Taking off Sir John French's hat.

that the King of the Belgians is the most popular of the lot, but there is, of course, a tremendous demand for Sir John French. Little boys, it seems, are just as keen on these war dolls as are their sisters. Doll bulldogs are another feature of this Christmas.

NEWS ITEMS.

Keeping the Ball Rolling.

A new revolution is stated to have been started in Mexico, says Reuter, by two generals who were chiefs under Huerta's rule.

Merchants' £4,000 Bail.

Two iron merchants were remanded at Glasgow on Saturday, each on £2,000 bail, on a charge of trading with the enemy.

Special Constables Wanted.

Special constables are urgently needed by the B Division Metropolitan Special Constabulary, Walton-street, Brompton-road.

No Fishing in Firth of Forth.

An order by the Admiralty states that the whole of the fishing fleet in the Firth of Forth must cease to prosecute its calling.

Turk General Made in Germany.

Count Caspar Preysing, a Bavarian cavalry captain, is stated, says Reuter, to have been appointed commander in the Turkish Army.

Huge Army of Captives.

Since the beginning of the war, says a Reuter message, 130,000 soldiers and 2,500 officers have passed through Kieff (Russia) as prisoners.

Bombs on Cetinje.

An Austrian aeroplane flew over Cetinje (Montenegro) yesterday and threw two bombs without any effect, says a Reuter telegram.

Soldier Found Impaled.

Impaled on the railings at Victoria mansions, Hull, Private John W. Milner (3rd East York-shires) was found dead on Saturday, one of the spikes having pierced his breast.

Airman Sent to Fortresses.

Commander Briggs, the British airman who raided the Zeppelin sheds on Lake Constance and was taken prisoner, has been sent to the fortress of Ingolstadt, says a Geneva message.

Prison for Scaremonger.

Sentence of eight weeks imprisonment has been passed on Harold Wearing, who was tried by a court-martial at Falmouth for spreading a report that German warships were in St. Ives Bay.

Gently with the Bread.

"The enemy is trying to starve Germany," says a proclamation by the Prussian Minister, quoted by Reuter, "therefore husband your bread and remember that the soldiers in the field would be happy to have the bread you waste."

Mystery of a German M.P.

Herr Georg Weill, member of the Reichstag, states Reuter, who was with M. Jaures, the French Socialist Deputy, when the latter was assassinated in Paris, has not been seen for four months, says a Berlin telegram to the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*.

Best Xmas Gift for Friends Abroad

Seventy pages every week, seventy pages packed full of photographs, including the most remarkable war pictures now being published—could you imagine any finer Xmas gift for a friend abroad than the

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(Six daily issues bound in a pictorial cover)

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FOOTBALL RESULTS.

THE LEAGUE—Division 1: Blackburn 4, Spurs (h) 0; Chelsea (h) 0, Sheffield Wednesday 0; Bolton 2, Newcastle (h) 1; Manchester City (h) 1, Liverpool 1; Bradford 2, Aston Villa (h) 1; Bradford City (h) 3, Sunderland 1; Sheffield U. (h) 3, Oldham 0; Middlesbrough (h) 1; Manchester U. 1, Everton (h) 2; West Bromwich 1; Burnley (h) 0, Notts County 0.

Division II: Bury (h) 3, Arsenal 1; Leicester (h) 1, Hull 1; Grimsby (h) 1, Birmingham 0; Blackpool (h) 1, Wolverhampton 0; Derby 3, Bristol (h) 2; Barnley (h) 2, Stockport 1; Lincoln 1, Huddersfield (h) 0; Notts Forest (h) 3, Leeds City 1; Glossop (h) 1, Fulham 0; Preston (h) 2, Clapton Orient 2.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I: West Ham (h) 2, Plymouth 1; Norwich (h) 2, Watford 0; Exeter (h) 5, Crydon 1; Q. P. Rangers 2, Swindon (h) 1; Crystal Palace (h) 1, Southend 1; Gillingham (h) 2, Northampton 2; Cardiff (h) 3, Reading 2; Portsmouth (h) 1, Millwall 1; Brighton (h) 4, Southampton 0.

Division II: Mid Rhonda (h) 2, Coventry 1; Stoke 1, Newport (h) 0.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Celtic 1, Aberdeen (h) 0; Airdrieonians (h) 3, Falkirk 2; Ayr (h) 3, Raith 0; Greenock 3, Clyde (h) 2; Partick 2, Dunbarton (h) 0; Dundee (h) 0, Third Lanark 0; Hearts (h) 5, Hibernians 0; Queen's Park (h) 1, Kilmarnock 0; Rangers (h) 5, St. Mirren 0.

NORTHERN UNION—Lancashire Cup Final: At Saltford—Wigan 3ns., Rochdale 2.

NORTHERN LEAGUE—Leeds 17, Bradford (h) 3; Huddersfield 34, Bramley (h) 7; Widnes 8, Broughton (h) 7; Batley 6, Hullitz 10; 5, Hunslet (h) 10, Kingston Rovers 7; Leigh (h) 8, Oldham 6; Warrington (h) 6, Swinton 0; Dewsbury (h) 25, York.

SELECTIONS FOR LEICESTER TO-DAY.

1. 0.—December Hurdles—CRYSTAL GAZER.
2. 0.—Montrose Hurdle—STRIKE THE LYRE.
3. 0.—Broxhills Steeplechase—FULL HOUSE.
- 3.25.—Quorn Hunt Steeplechase—SILVER TOP.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

* FULL HOUSE AND STRIKE THE LYRE BOUVIERIE.

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Race	Price	Winner	Jockey
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Midweek Chase (12)	10/1	Alfred Nolla	Partement
Richmond Chase (1)	10/1	Luttrell III	Hawkins
Sunbury H'de (15)	100/8	Sailors	Partement
Staines H'de (15)	2/1	Fl d'Escoe	Hopper

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

BILLIARDS.

T. NEWMAN DEFEATS G. GRAY.
The fourteenth heat of the tournament at Burroughes Hall, Soho-square, ended in a victory for Newman, who defeated Gray by 1,612 points. The winner's best run during the day was 237, 214, 170, 152 and 137 unbroken, against 536 and 144 by Gray. Final scores: T. Newman (rec. 300), 4,000; G. Gray, 2,368.

H. W. STEVENSON V. C. FALKINER.
When play ceased on Saturday in the 16,000 up match between Stevenson and Falkiner (rec. 3,000) at Thurston's, Leicester-square, the latter held a lead of 1,002. His best breaks during the day were 282, 236 and 115, against 326, 259, 211, 176, 135, 120 and 115 by Stevenson. Closing scores: Falkiner (rec. 3,000), 10,005; Stevenson (in play), 9,001.

The chief boxing contest at the Ring to-night is a twenty rounds match between the Dixie Kid and Nichol Simpson.



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Questions and Answers about Mackintosh's Toffee.

Q. Cold weather this?
A. Yes, Mackintosh weather.

Q. You mean Overcoat weather don't you?
A. NO! I mean Mackintosh's Toffee weather, for it is "as good as an Overcoat"—it keeps you warm.

Q. Keeps one warm?—how?
A. In the best way possible—from the inside—a well known Naval Doctor said of Mackintosh's Toffee "It is fuel to the system."

Q. Just the thing then for "Tommy" in the trenches, and "Jack" at Sea?
A. Decidedly so. Send them a tin, and if you are not overwhelmed with thanks—ask us for your money back.

Q. Good Idea! I'll send them some for Xmas—I shall be buying a good supply "on behalf of Santa Claus." The children love Mackintosh's Toffee, and I must confess to being a "child of larger growth" myself.
A. Ah! There are millions like you.

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| 1 Tin Lunch Tongue. | 1 Tin Oxford Sausages. |
| 1 Tin Opening Knife. | |

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Smaller sized hampers 10/6 each.

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| 1 Glass "Belgravian" Rolled Ox-Tongue. | 1 Glass Potted Chicken and Ham. |
| 1 Large SMOKED Ox-Tongue. | 1 Glass Potted Wild Tongue. |
| 1 Glass Oxford Brawn. | 1 Jar Strawberry Jam. |
| 1 Glass Lunch Tongue. | 1 Jar Seville Orange Marmalade. |
| 1 Glass Ox-Tail Soup. | 1 Bottle Plum. |
| 1 Glass Potted Salmon and Shrimp. | 1 Bottle "P. & O." Sauce. |
| | 1 Basin Christmas Pudding. |

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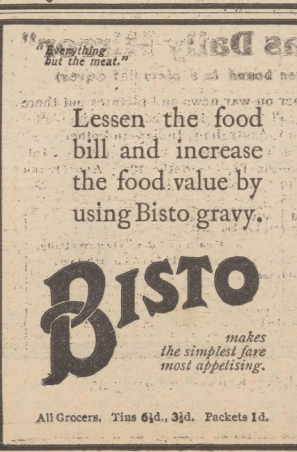
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You can now preserve a neat and stylish appearance at home or in the office, and keep your skirt from getting shiny, soiled or stained by means of this smart and economical invention. The "Skirt-Tecto" is fastened in a moment with patent clips, covers all round, and fits close into the waist, adding very considerably to the elegance of the figure. It is made in good and durable Black Alpaca or Black Cashmere, in all sizes, and is quite cheap. Postage 1d.

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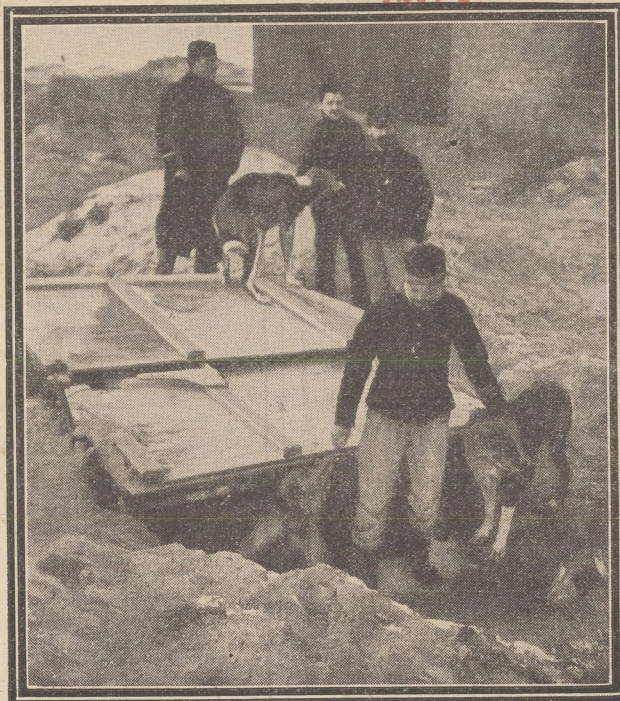
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